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ENGLISH WOOD-NOTES

(WITH KENTUCKY ECHOES.)

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

T is greenness that strikes the general note of distinction between the landscape beauty of England and the landscape beauty of that one spot in the New World which is most like it—central Kentucky. A climate, dry and ranging through heat and cold as ours, will always keep Kentucky from being more like England; for this alone settles the question of life and death for so many beautiful things. But the sculpture of the two lands is the same, line and curve, fold and billowy softness; and were Fayette county, or Bourbon, or Scott or Woodford, wedged in between Surrey and Kent, it would in time become as much a part of them as a piece of skin grafted on a man's right hand from his left. For there would pass over it by gentle degrees the myriad changes wrought by warm winters, cool summers, tempered suns, soft showers, and ever present dews and mists; and one hesitates to limit the response that the new soil would make to such an appeal as that.

While this was going on, the English themselves would fall upon the unkempt and disfigured foreigner. They would sweep away the abominable wriggling lines of rotting rails, and cover it with fences of stone-wall or of hawthorn hedge. They would extirpate the weeds. But England gets rid of her weeds because she has no weedy neighbors. Even if Kentucky tried, she would fail, unless her weedy neighbors got rid of theirs. For one can get rid of some of the weeds all the time,

or of all the weeds a part of the time; but the way to get rid of weeds is to get rid of all the weeds all the time. I sat one beautiful afternoon on the lawn of an English gentleman, drinking tea, and looking at the exquisite verdure of lawns and meadows, unroughened by a single growth of wildness. "Where are the weeds of England?" I said. "How do you everywhere create such purity and softness?" He replied that he would tell me in the language of an old gardener who was once asked the same question. "Give me half a sovereign," said the old man, "and I will tell you the secret." When the coin was laid in his hand, he looked up and quietly said: "You mows 'em an' you rolls 'em, an' you mows 'em an' you rolls 'em, an' you mows 'em an' you rolls 'em for five hundred years; and then you gets 'em."

Imagine what the whole of Kentucky would look like, weedless, fenceless, always moist and green. But in becoming English, there is one thing that it would lose, and a great loss that would be; the light, airy, and somewhat fragile beauty of its trees. The first morning that I crossed England, when my eyes were searching a thousand objects, one characteristic of nature impressed me at every stage; how low the trees are, how sturdy, in what close union with earth hang the heavy boughs. Not in all my stay and rambles did I see an English oak, or elm, or maple, or beech, rise to the height with which the old monarchs at home had made me long familiar; nor could any show the same occasional immensity of trunk.



Herfordshire Hounds; Great Cadsden Place.
(Country Seat of T. F. Halsey, Esq., M. P.)

Owned by Edmund T. Halsey.

And everywhere was lacking what in Kentucky one often sees—a cast of woodland beauty that is almost spiritual. I stood on the deck of the returning steamer in New York harbor beside a young Englishman, who was receiving his first impressions of the New World. He pointed with slight satirical disgust to a distant line of little telegraph poles, more or less crooked and none placed upright, and then with a single sweep of his eye and hand he said: “How fragile everything is—the houses—even the trees.” He had hit upon one of the distinctions between nature and civilization in his country and in this; for the American on reaching England begins to adjust himself to a system of solidity and heaviness in architecture, with which even the forests are in unconscious harmony.

For the enormous vitality of the tree in England does not bear it far upward, but is spent close to the ground upon the trunk and in massive, far-reaching branches. And often

these do not advance stiffly outward and skyward, but curve and bend horizontally, exhibiting a series of powerful gambols in the air. And to what does this testify but to an equally astonishing net-work of branches under the earth, rioting in rich soil and perpetual moisture? For the tree, set up in the earth, is as much one quantity of matter at every point from top to bottom, as a candle placed in a candlestick; only, in the case of the tree, the bottom divides, giving play to an underground series of branches which we call roots; and the top divides, giving play to series of aerial roots which we call branches. And the circle of the roots below is the same as the circle of the branches above; so that the leaves on the tip ends of the one shed their dew-drops and rain drops down upon the sensitive tips—into the open mouths—of the other.

Here then is in part an explanation of the difference between the English and the Kentucky tree. The latter,



In Woodford County, Kentucky.

not sure of finding enough moisture near the surface, fears to send its roots far out on every side, but sinks them downward into safer reservoirs; and the branches, which go far enough outward to shade and water the roots, in obedience to the same law, lie closer toward the trunk while the trunk itself is carried by immense vitality to a greater height. But not far under the

soil of Kentucky lies the solid limestone; and when the roots, in their downward progress, strike this, they can go no further; so that the tree is the more easily blown down by storms through lacking depth of root. The English tree, on the other hand, sure of finding moisture at every point near the surface, sends its roots far away on every side, and the branches follow

just as far. One must see certain trees in Kew Gardens to realize the meaning of this law and its effect on landscape beauty as affected by trees.

Often in England, as part of the general hue of things, a pale green moss, or mould, so fine, so thin, that the least scratch of a finger nail will remove it, encases the tree solidly from the ground to the branches, so that it stands literally clothed in greenness. A woodland of young beeches and elms, the weedless green turf underneath, the green trunks shooting upward, a soft green underlight pervading the tremulous spaces, the domes of green resting calmly above—such a woodland has a charm dreamy, mystical, poetic, past imagining.

In one of these early in May I first heard the cuckoo. How he made the silences ring! It was about the season for the females to follow on, and he was notifying all passing ladies that he had reopened his customary business at the old stand, and would be pleased to receive their custom. Day after day he stood at the woodland doors and cried his wares at the top of his voice, as I knew to my sorrow; for I had picked out that woodland as the one in which I should like to hear the nightingale, and was ill-pleased with such a substitute; and meanwhile, I was busy in a meadow near by with the sky-larks tossing themselves in soft flight upward, upward into the blue, and even at that distance there was no getting rid of his trying to auction himself off at any price. He did not have a single customer during the whole time. His morals did not deserve one.

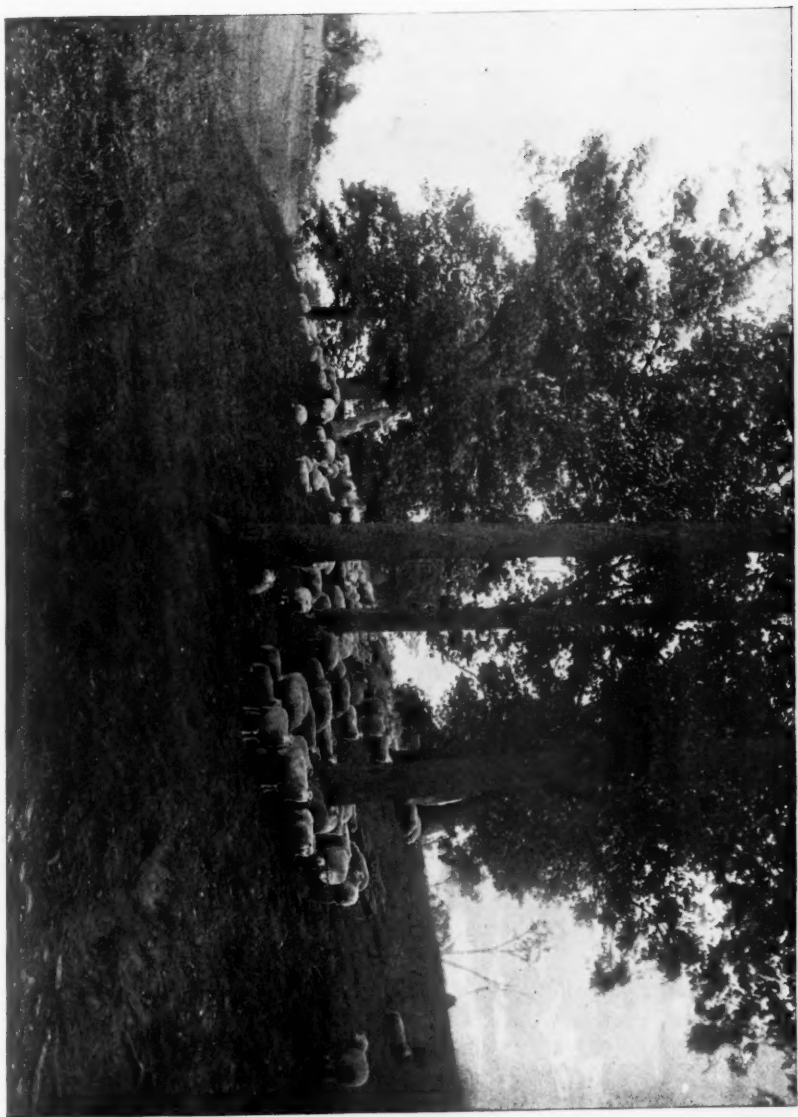
But push the analysis of uncontrollable differences to whatever point, the great distinction between England and Kentucky as to landscape beauty lies in what the people have done for the one land and in what the people have not done for the other. So that even if Kentucky is in many respects an illustration of how nature will ruin her own work and mismanage her own affairs, spending hundreds of years in lifting an oak up to maturity and then blowing it down in an afternoon; mak-

ing every year the same old promises to the blossom and breaking them to the fruit; laying about her with frosts and storms, mildew and rot, as though she were scourging unruly children, still one cannot help remembering that even with so false a mother, Kentucky might be covered with a beauty that is under the control of man alone.

If, for instance, some one could found there a perpetual society to be called the Society of the Arch and Vine, the object of which should be to encourage the building of arches, great arches over the gates of entrance for drive-ways, little arches over walks and winding pathways, arches for woodland bridges, arches for the verandas of houses, and arches here and there for their own sake on the lawns, not forgetting arches greater still for the battle-fields. Of stone, if possible, or else of iron; some of wood—not of dead wood, but of the living trees themselves, trained into arch shape, and thereafter giving you an arch green, eternal. All the arches of stone and iron to be covered with vines of your choosing. For consider that when you have built an arch; when the arch has been hung with a vine; when the vine is hung with flowers; when the flowers are steeped in their own fragrance, and when singing birds come thither to build, you have in simple combination as many of the elements of beauty as may ever be gotten together so easily and held together so long.

And in this way Kentucky would become more and more what by natural right it could well have been called—the New England.

But the Kentuckian dreads moist places around his home, and looks with disapproval on spots perpetually in the shade. Of shrubbery and hedge he has little or none. If he plants trees he sets them far apart; as they grow larger he thins them out. Even his evergreens may not always keep their lowest boughs, and often he trims them up until they look like the heads of his children with bobbed-off hair. A young oak, or elm or maple, bearing its branches from the ground up, I have never seen on a Kentucky lawn,



... A Blue Grass Idyl.

as one may see them in England. The sun must touch every point of his yard in its daily course; for shade may not only be unhealthy, it certainly kills his grass. His porch, the window casements of his house also are of wood; a vine, a rose, would in time rot them. And so both yard and house are too often barren of beauty. Moreover, if he lives in town, he does not, as a rule, wish to have the view from his window or veranda obstructed by trees and shrubs and hedges; he must see the street, people going by or coming in. If he lives in the country he likes to look across his fields and pastures to see his stock and his barn. And whether in town or country, while he is looking out, he is often pleased to think that his house attracts attention from a distance.

But the Englishman does not fear moisture; if he did, he would dwell in an age of terror all his days. He does not fear shade; and he does not think that man was made for grass, but grass for man. Moreover, when he is in his house, he may not care greatly to see out; but he certainly does care greatly that no one shall see in. Hence he will often convert his yard into a small, dense jungle, where a blade of grass cannot grow, sunlight never sifts, moisture is rank, and he is protected as by a covering of porcupine quills. And this general usage, which sprang out of the national character centuries ago, has been influencing life and traits in England ever since. Meeting the English people on the highway, men and women, you will not understand their reserve, their silence, their shyness, their simplicity, their sincerity, their naturalness, without remembering that for hundreds of years they have lived within those inaccessible fortresses—their homes. Away from these, they give one the impression of a race that has come out from under cover and stands exposed.

II.

An American, who should notice such things at all, will not spend a May, June, and July in England without being confronted with evidences

that human life there is in many ways closer to nature—to the spirit of the woods—than it is in the United States. His London daily newspaper often comes to him with bunches of exquisite wood-notes, that give it the effect of a wild rose planted in the corner of a page or a border of greenery running up a column. The like of these notes he will never see in the metropolitan press of his own land—they are so carefully gathered, so deftly put together, so charmingly presented. One infers from them a set of writers for the daily papers, who are students of nature, and a class of readers having similar taste and culture. They serve in a degree to measure the immeasurable love of the people for their land. During those three months, the entire ordering of English life in respect to politics, art, music, the drama, and fashion, calls to the metropolis a certain class of them, who, were that ordering otherwise, would gladly spend their best season at home; and perhaps these require daily news from what they have left behind. But another part of the population, many times larger still, are kept in town the year round with little or with no vacation; and these even more strenuously desire something of the country to be brought to them. And, upon the whole, all classes who live amid the cruelty and sickness and ruin and death and sorrow and toil of that unfathomable city, are the better for steeping their senses in the songs, the color, the freshness, the sweetness and the rest of their green, moist, quiet, peaceful island. Hence innumerable topics for the press: What of chicks this year in the partridge nests? Are young pheasants healthy poults? Are nesting operations progressing finely on the grouse moors? If it is not well with feather, how is it with fur? How are the warrens? What of the hues and shades of spring—of early and of later English summer? Has the nightingale not yet been heard? Are the lanes now gay with the wild rose—fourteen varieties of it? Is the little blue speedwell at its brightest? What of stately fox-glove and ladies' smocks? What of milk and honey, and silky, dappled cattle



Painting by Robert Burns Wilson.

"Tantalus."

Owned by Edmund T. Halsey.

rising to greet you from the long, sweet grass, and swaths and hay-cocks, and laborers under the hedges at their noontide meal of cold tea and bread and bacon?

But the press itself is only one of many ways in which the English feeling for nature finds portrayal. It has given an impressive registration of itself in the amount of landscape that has steadily made its way into the National Gallery. It was conspicuous in this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy; for if any real movement in contemporary English painting were to be traced among the pictures there, this showed itself in the feeling for landscape, and in the number of canvases devoted to its interpretation. At a great remove from art, because stirring feebly, instinctively among a class whom art never teaches, I remarked the same trait in those bands of poor school children, who go out of the city for a day excursion, and coming home at nightfall, tramp through the London streets singing and carrying huge bunches of coarse, withered flowers, gathered from river bank or lane or meadow. I noted an important exhibition of it at the Museum of Natural History. For specimens there are not mounted each on a bare wire; the bird itself is put before you as it lives in the world of its own life. You see it surprised in its shyest characteristic attitude and hidden surroundings, permanently fixed thus, and brought away with the sands, the rocks, the moss, the boughs, the shadow and the mystery of its wildest haunts remaining unchanged about it.

But the utmost popular expression of the desire to bring the country to town and get nature the house itself as a constant guest, is to be noticed in the custom of window gardening, which forms so striking an aspect of London streets. This custom has developed within the past fifteen or twenty years to such an extent that there are few parts of the city in which some evidences of it do not delight the eye. That is, the people of the London desert not only, as a rule, take advantage of whatever yard they may possess to

create there a small oasis of blossom and foliage—not only use the yard wall, the archway over the gate, the pillars of the porch, and the walls and eaves of the house itself as so many screens on which nature may hang out her designs—but having led her closer and closer, at last openly bid her take up her abode on their window-sills. And there, to-day, you see her sitting and swinging and repaying them, as she always pays everyone, for their hospitality. For the people within do not stare upon an illimitable world of brick and mortar through bare, rectangular holes in the wall. Their eyes rest on the banks of nodding marguerites, and they breathe the sweetness of mignonette. Many of these window gardens are kept blooming all the year; for during the colder season a glass is over them, opening to the warmth inside.

The effect of this is to color London with rural beauty. You say to yourself that it is not the vastest city in the world, but a succession of country villages—that at the next corner you will see stretching away the gardens and the meadows from which these things have just been gathered. And then what solace, what relief, what innocent companionship to innumerable lives in this ownership and daily watchcare of something beautiful. Vast as is the amount of this window gardening visible from the streets—vast enough many times over to convert the houses along Fifth Avenue into solid banks of flowers—what an untold amount of it must remain unseen. I stopped one day before a small shop, through the dingy windows of which I could barely see some green parrots. It was a most miserable part of London—the street scarce more than the foulest alley, the faces along it not always hardly human. But within I found things to remember. My host led me over his whole house, no doubt marveling at my wonderment that there should be any house at all; and at last—I had not spoken a word to him on the subject—he threw open a door, saying: "We cannot go to the country, so we try to bring the country



to us," and I walked forward into a conservatory.

Whence do the great body of London folk, thus giving money and care and time to the buying and fostering of these beautiful things as a wise and serious part of their lives, whence do they get the models of good taste? For it is the prevalence of skill and taste that impresses the enquirer. They employ no landscape gardeners. They do these things for themselves; and it is incredible that they should do them so well, if there were no widely pervasive influence shedding itself abroad from year to year, and putting so much directing power into their hands.

These standards of taste lie to-day, where they have lain so long, in the parks and public gardens of London, which of themselves constitute the greatest of ways for keeping the country in town and of putting human life in close vitalizing touch with nature. In Regent's Park, for instance, through which thousands of working people pass twice a day, how often have I observed both men and women pause to study the landscape gardening, sometimes with note-book in hand.

I found no other part of London that so took the eye with this half human, clinging loveliness of material things as did Hampstead, and no other park retaining the rough charm of remoter nature as does Hampstead Heath, both bound up for all time with the memory and poetry of Keats. It would have been pleasant to believe that his influence was living there as the invisible, directing hands behind the present order, since he, of English poets or of mortal poets born, had the finest gift of poetic expression for the beauty that is purely natural, and used this—alas! too briefly—with such seer-like vision of the truth. But certain it is, that if the works of Keats have done nothing to make Hampstead what one finds it now, the Hampstead of his time did much toward the molding of Keats. I put forth many inquiries touching the Hampstead of those days as compared with the Hampstead of these; and without a doubt one can still see much that surrounded and

influenced him, can even walk amid sylvan ferns high enough to have brushed his face, can look across the landscapes that haunted his eyes, and feel that his finger has been laid on this and on that in nature, from which his poems took substance and received light and shade and tremulous sensibility. So that it seemed not only fitting but inevitable, when I entered the street in which he once had lived, to discover the row of old houses, well hidden by walls and overgrowing ivy, at rest under the shadow of ancient trees, and screening themselves otherwise by great familiar lilac bushes and thick-set hedges of privet and laurel. And when at last I came to the very house in which he had once been the angelic guest and the "Ode to the Nightingale" was written, it would have been strangely out of place indeed not to find that it had drawn silently and richly about itself those elements of beauty, which make us love them, and upon which, therefore, we lay the gentle distinction of calling their beauty loveliness. A dreamy place for a prophetic boy to whom the earth was so much more beautiful than the world; hidden by hedge and fence and even from the world of the passing street; entered by an iron archway; shadowed darkly with ivy; old trees in the yard about the house—mulberry, chestnut, maple and willow; even in the window-sill of his room a little company of brightly blooming plants. On the back porch I was glad to find a Virginia creeper, which doubtless had made its way thither on a pilgrimage. And, suggestively enough, the only sound falling upon the spell-like silence outside was the whistle of the blackbird, happiest and most robust of British songsters.

Not only does Hampstead enable an American to understand as he could not otherwise the poetry of Keats, but this English custom, centuries old and never more vigorously alive than now, of introducing nature into the family as a beautiful noiseless, indispensable member of the household in London, in towns, villages and country places, enables one to understand

Wordsworth and Shelley and Tennyson, and, in a word, the long race of English poets who have celebrated on the island the grace of gardens.

III.

I have said elsewhere that, as a result of this custom of drawing nature closely about the home in the form of shrubs, hedges, vines and trees, there exists in England a familiar, abundant bird life, the like of which in America is all but unknown; and that as a result of this, in turn, English literature, among the literatures of the world, stands foremost in entire poems and in passages of poems of the highest order of genius devoted to such a subject.

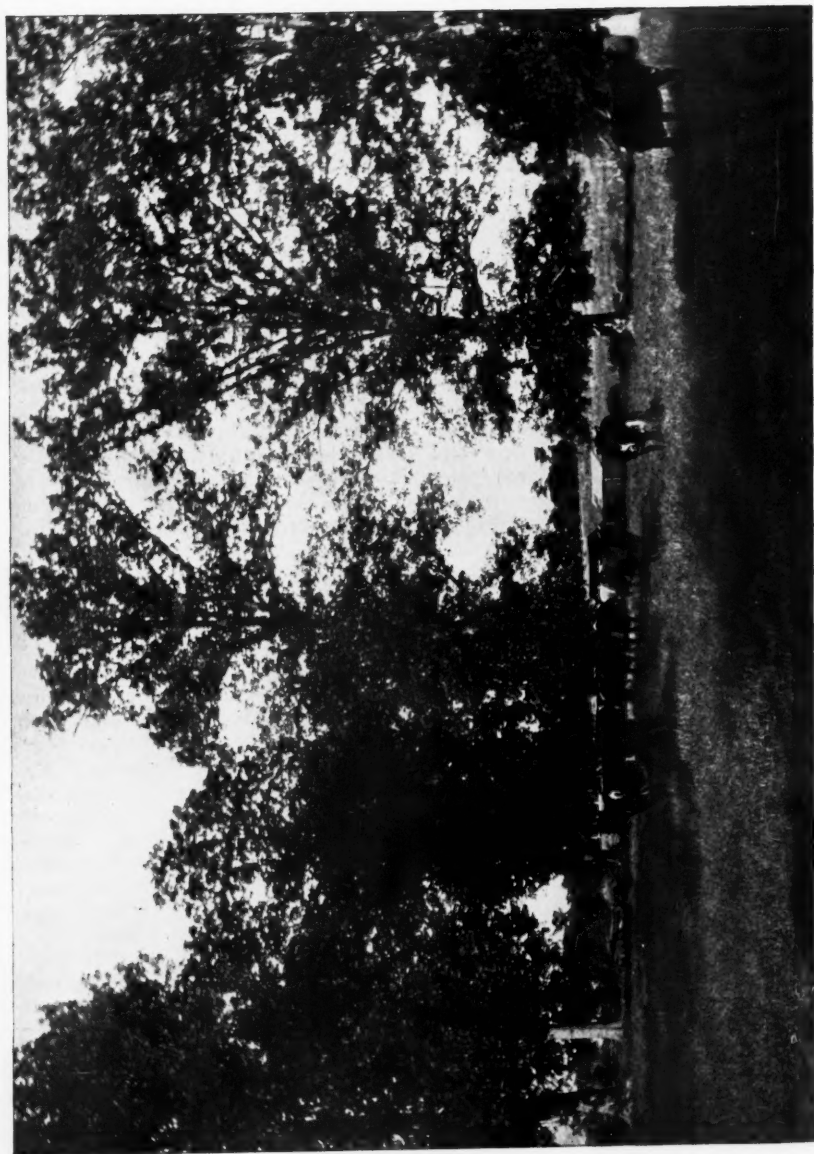
But in America how different! Our birds are far from us, in wood and field and meadow, scattered and afraid. The scant use, or entire absence, of hedge and vine and evergreen about American homes gives them few or no invitations to draw nearer. They hover in melodious clouds on the outskirts of human life, seeing in man the one being in the world who could become their most powerful friend if he but chose. With what unerring tact nearly every songster in Kentucky will take possession of an old orchard if near a house. But often the orchard is not there, or if it is, the birds are systematically routed; and the wood-notes of our land are lost to us altogether or heard at chance intervals in the faint, far distance as out of another world.

England, again, is so small, that let a bird light where it will, it is not far away, not out of reach of the national sympathies. For the wall of the sea is the first of walls to enclose all things for the Englishman and make them peculiarly and jealously his. But in America the bird and the poet may be so far apart that they not only may not meet in a morning ramble but not in the travels of a lifetime. How should a Maine poet be aroused from the luxury of other dreams by a report that the mocking-bird is singing in

Florida? If he required that the bird be brought to him, it might sing the next year or never. If he undertook a journey into the land of the bird, it might cost him the profits on the most sumptuous edition of his complete works.

So that the relation of human life to bird life, close and powerful and stimulating in England, is feeble, uncertain, colorless, in America. Hence American poetry has done little or nothing with the subject. Only one bird poem has ever been written in the New World that stands out as universally known; and this celebrates an un-American bird. Bryant did something memorable for the water-fowl; Southern poets have written profusely of the mocking-bird; but to the extent that the poetic imagination in America has been stirred by this subject at all, it has been stirred most widely and deeply by English literature in behalf of the birds of the older vacial home—the sky-lark, the nightingale and the robin.

Behind the poetic literatures of the two countries there is something older still, that must not be overlooked or undervalued. When a branch of the English race crossed to the New World, the myth-making age of the imagination in its relation to nature had passed away from it. It has since come into possession of a small body of Indian nature-myths as regards American birds; but this it has never been tempted to appropriate. There would in time, perhaps, have been elaborated another collection of superstitions regarding bird life by the slaves of the Southern States. But to-day the American imagination as respects American birds dwells in as cold and lucid atmosphere as the modern spirit can create. On the contrary, the English feeling of to-day descends from a remote past, during which the poetic imagination of the Anglo-Saxon busied itself with interpretations of nature, and from which there was handed down a great mass of native or borrowed legends, fancies, tales, as a basis, firm, beautiful, sacred and intensely human, for later faith to rest



"Knee Deep in June."

on. And there faith has gladly rested; or when faith has failed, the mere sentiment of tenderness aroused by them has remained effective; and even now this ancient and honored body of superstitions must be taken into account in explaining among children and the common people of England the affection and the awe with which they regard some of their birds. In particular, whenever a bird had red feathers on its head or breast, over it the old sacred myth-making instinct fell busily to work.

I had a chance in a London shop to see how a red feather will help even nowadays to make a bird's fortune—or that of its owner. My glance fell upon a pair of pigeons the breasts of which seemed to have been dyed in their own blood. Some one's pious imagination had been stirred by the sight, and this variety in consequence had been called Pigeons of the Bleeding Heart. Not many years ago a pair was sent to New York City, a notice of them was inserted in a newspaper, the next morning two customers appeared, and the dealer, scenting his chance, ran up the price to a hundred and twenty-five dollars. It was told me that when these pigeons first appeared in London, a pair went to one of the Rothschilds for a hundred pounds. After that Bleeding Heart pigeons became so plentiful, that even their pious feathers could not float them above a few shillings.

From a like origin may be derived the devotion to Bobbie, "whom all men call brother."

It is upon this body of English bird-myth that American childhood has been nurtured. How many American children to-day have a kindly feeling for the American redbreast on account of the tales of the English redbreast—not knowing that the two birds are as different as the catbird and the meadow-lark. If they could only be brought to love the American bird for his own sake, a lovable, robust, honest, companionable, simple, true-hearted citizen in feathers!

Partly because we have in America no bird-myths, no bird literature of poem or tale, and ourselves take so

little domestic account of our singers, they are too little known in England. The mocking-bird is not cared for. The people do not believe in him, but rather take him as an instance of American buncombe. Not without reason; for when brought over he seldom sings; sometimes, perhaps, because he is a wild bird slightly tamed and not a nestling; and oftener no doubt on account of the chill, sunless land. Only nestlings produce the finest singers in cages, and the sun is needed to kindle these into vocal flame. The specimen at the zoological garden in London is kept caged near his great rival, the nightingale, and a more disgusted, ill-tempered looking creature cannot be imagined. He sat ruffled, silent, spiteful, as though saying to himself, "Sing here? not much!" If the nightingale would but sing to him, and he catch the song, it would be a thing to hear! And since he is so little at home in England, no wonder that he does not fetch the price for him in America, so that there is no bargain in him as an export. But it was told that in a famous public hall of London some years ago, a singer of the highest order gave a series of American concerts that thrilled all hearts, and that he went for two hundred dollars. Everywhere I found the cardinal grosbeak, but never in his utmost beauty, and never singing. On the afternoon of the twenty-seventh of September, however, as I was walking along the Avenue d'Jena in Paris, one burst into clear voluptuous song from a fourth story window, as from a Kentucky tree-top in mid-April. What a message it was from home! I wondered whether he had had no French spring. In England he fetches about two dollars and a half, and his partner in captivity much less.

Things have greatly changed in London as regards the importation of American birds, and it is indeed no longer the metropolis of Europe for the birds of the world. One hears marvelous stories of what used to go on forty or fifty years ago and earlier; how Virginia nightingales, as they commonly call the cardinal, were brought over, as many as six hundred pairs in a

single ship, and finches without number to be exchanged for canaries. Those were the times when speculating captains and bird-training English sailors came back with cargoes of rare or unknown birds from fresh quarters of the globe; when there was no Suez Canal; and when England was the first port reached by all homeward-bound vessels. In those days there were few or no zoological gardens in the capitals and provincial towns of the continent; and as one after another of these sprang up, London was looked to as the one source of supply. And once a year, in those days, that seem so remote now, the London dealers traveled to the continent taking their birds; and the dealers on the continent met them in some town, bringing theirs; so that there was a congress, at which a thousand pounds would change hands between man and man in a single day. And then some night the director would invite the delegates to a dinner, and there would be toasts, and speeches, and talk to have made volumes. One would like to fancy Audubon presiding at such a dinner.

Those were the times and the English sailor of those days was the

type from which Wordsworth drew his poem; a wayside beggar, with something in her mien as majestic as a Roman, who keeps under her cloak a caged bird, thus protecting it from the cold, damp air; for it is the fondling of her sailor son, now dead, which she has traveled far to bring home.

I asked regarding the existence of this type of English sailor nowadays, and had the idea scouted. "There are no English sailors now," was the reply of a man who dealt of old with speculating captains, "and what is left of them love—heart, soul, and body—one thing only." However this might be as applying to the navy, I certainly had reason to believe it true of the infantry and the artillery; for there were days and days when it seemed to me that every young fellow in the British army had a girl under the trees in the parks. I had always thought that the uniform of the country ought to be green—for the sake of an all-pervading harmony in the color of things; but never so much as on these days, when the distant sight of very red arms and very red legs in every imaginable position announced too plainly maneuvers of peace.



Painting by Robert Burns Wilson.

"On Elkhorn Creek."

Owned by Miss Annie B. Jones.

A WOMAN OF THIRTY.

BY BLANCHE CARR.

SHE was a little colorless blonde, looking fully her age, with perceptible hollows in her cheeks and fine lines about her eyes; so the old women at Old Point would not have regarded her as a rival had she not been a widow.

Now widows are proverbially dangerous, and one or two persons were heard to declare that Mrs. Huron would be doubly interesting to the men, as she had been "talked about." This vague, sweeping phrase might have left a good deal to the imagination had not Marion Blake from Washington, where the Hurons had lived, known the story. "For" with a virtuous indrawing of her lips, "she thought in such instances people ought to know, and then judge for themselves."

Mr. Huron was much older than his wife, and they had not lived happily. Men, for some inexplicable reason, found her fascinating, and she received a deal of attention. Mr. Huron was jealous, and there had been a hot quarrel about a young attaché of the Russian embassy. Mrs. Huron sang after a fashion, had what might be termed a personal voice, too personal some said, and the attaché also was musical. People talked; and there was something about some letters, passionate love letters from her or from him, it wasn't quite clear which, and old Huron had threatened to sue for divorce. It even got into the papers, and for a time few people "knew" Mrs. Huron. The affair ended by the attaché eloping with little Dolly Huron, her sister-in-law, a pretty little stupid who never saw beyond her nose. It was said he did it to save Mrs. Huron's reputation. Foreigners are so romantic. After that Mrs. Huron was taken up again, and by-and-by old Huron died and—that was all.

When Elinore Deering married Jason Huron, her relatives, a blue-blooded, penniless lot, living scantily on bar-

ren, if picturesque, acres, agreed that it was an altogether excellent arrangement; much better than she might have expected, for she was no beauty, and the man counted his wealth by millions. He was newly rich, however, and bore plainly the "mark of the beast." One cousin, proving himself an exception, declared Huron to be a cad and quite unworthy of her, explaining that a cad was a degree worse than a brute, since the latter would fairly knock you down, while the other would get behind and push you over; but, as he was suspected of entertaining a tenderness for Elinore himself, his opinion was not regarded with favor. He spoke more truly than he knew, perhaps, for it became known that Huron had occasionally struck the woman who bore his name. Like many of his class he was narrow-minded and selfish, and it annoyed him that it was his wife's position, instead of his money, that obtained for them admission into the exclusive circles.

Elinore's breeding did not permit her to make any sign of her unhappiness; and while the woman had the tranquil exterior said to betoken cold natures, she was really intense and genuine. So when Dolly, affianced to her brother's friend, a man she detested, confessed her love for the young attaché and besought her sister-in-law's aid, Elinore gave it cheerfully. Understanding the situation, she fancied she could disdain the gossip caused by M. Sturghof's apparent attentions to herself, and had even remained silent when her husband came upon a letter which he supposed to have been written to his wife. Huron raged, and after the fashion of his kind, published his fancied wrongs from the house-tops. Life was trying for Elinore until Dolly and the attaché were married, when everything was explained. Then Elinore's friends

returned with the assurance that they had never thought the stories true.

It is not a good thing to put the loyalty of your friends to a great test. You would much better take it for what it is worth and lay no traps for its proof. Elinore realized this and acted accordingly. The memory of slights she had received cut her deeply, and she cherished an almost passionate gratitude for the few who had stood by her during her trial. Shortly after the trouble the spirit of Jason Huron was gathered to his fathers, and at twenty-seven Elinore was free. That she was happier there could be no question, but she betrayed no such feeling. She wore mourning for the length of time custom demands of widows, whether bereaved or relieved, which Dolly affirmed "was quite sweet of her, since it was very unbecoming." She lived very quietly after putting aside the objectionable black, maintaining her reserve of manner. She was always plainly gowned, mostly in white or pale neutral tints, and women were at a loss to understand in what her charm consisted. But certain it was that when a man had once talked with her he sought her side again, and when popular Jack Sargent, a tall, clean-looking, blonde New Yorker, attached himself to her train, the chagrin of the unmarried feminine contingent almost reached vituperation, and found vent in the repetition of her "story."

Now really, one of their number was largely to blame for Sargent's attention. It happened in this wise. One afternoon, a little time after Elinore came, she and a number of ladies were partaking of tea and small talk in the private parlor of "Mrs. Senator J. Leonard Townley." As they were all married women, with the exception of two or three virgins of the age termed "uncertain," their conversation turned to the interesting topic of men's morality. They expressed various opinions, the most of them professing to view the subject but lightly. The exceptions to these were one or two mothers of fair young debutantes, and the sweet little wife of a clergyman from the pine forests of Georgia, who

had a quaint set of last century ideas, which the other women affected to admire and did their best to destroy.

"After all, what is the use of fussing and preaching and moralizing," said an up-to-date beauty, whose honeymoon was supposed to be still in the fore. "Men will live pasts that won't bear investigation, and the best thing to do is to accept the situation without fret or worry, as I have done."

"That's all very well to say," a woman, who had hitherto been silent, remarked, "but, you know, we really do worry about the past of the man we care for; and when, as some clever woman says, we know who the other woman is, know how she dresses, how she looks, and her tricks of manner, the worry becomes agony."

"The other woman?" You speak as though she were an inevitable personality." The other smiled, the wise, weary smile of the woman who knows.

"She is. There is no woman who has not at heart hated and feared 'the other woman.'"

There were a few eager disclaimers, but a certain something which flashed up in the face of each betrayed how nearly right were her words.

"And what does Mrs. Huron think?"

The "Mrs. Senator" turned toward Elinore, who was sitting by the window dreamily crumbling her cake.

"You have not yet spoken."

"I scarcely know. I don't suppose that women, with their singleness of point of view, can ever rightly understand and judge the many-sided nature of most men, but I think I should prefer honor in a man to morality."

"Are not the terms synonymous?"

The wife of the clergyman looked shocked and perplexed.

"I believe not. A man may be moral, and yet capable of much cruelty and petty meanness, while another, though immoral after the accepted standard, is generous and has all reverence for good women. I could more easily forgive the one's immorality than the other's little basenesses."

"Yes, how sweet of you." Marion Blake's thin lips, though curved smile-wise, expressed venom. "But then

your views were always so broad, and you are so liberal-minded."

There was that in her tone which instantly set all the other women to remembering, and caused young Sargent, swinging idly in a hammock on the awning-shaded balcony, to feel an ungentelemanly desire to knock some one down. He had no intention of listening to a conversation not meant for masculine ears, and had, indeed, been half asleep, indifferent to the occasional phrases that drifted out, until aroused by the sound of Elinore's soft, flexible tones. He had heard her words and the reply, and had understood.

"The cat!" he muttered, and "Poor little woman."

Although his life had not been much cleaner than that of the average man of the world, there was in his nature an instinct of chivalry which had, perhaps unconsciously, kept him from low baseness of any sort, and made him gentle to the unfortunate that came within his notice.

"A woman like that would not go hunting about in a fellow's boxes for letters and things," he thought, and that evening he exerted himself to be agreeable to her.

But it was because he was genuinely interested that his attentions became marked and constant, and there was that about Elinore that appealed to and stimulated the best in him, causing him to be even more pleasant and companionable than ever.

Elinore recognized and appreciated Sargent's good qualities, but knowing his type, or rather the type she fancied him to belong to - the men who make a woman conspicuous, first by very obvious attention and then equally so by desertion—, decided she must see that their really casual friendship did not in appearance become pronounced.

The two had idly strolled away, without intention Elinore would have declared, to a picturesque sequestered nook. It was for her one of those moments of mental *négligé* when the conventional clothing society demands for the mind is mostly put aside. She affected surprise and even amusement

when Sargent proposed marriage. She was three weeks his senior, and she made a deal out of this disparity. Though finally admitting that she cared for him, she said it could never be.

She spoke of the story of her past, unjust but still in evidence, and besought him to remember what people would say, but he disposed of her arguments. She was the woman he loved. He was his own master, and as for other people, they might be damned. He hastily apologized for his profanity as she widened her eyes, apparently shocked, though at heart really pleased.

"Oh, are you sure?" she said at last, with a despairing gesture of her hands, as of one who has fought a good though losing fight, "quite sure that you love me?"

His usually careless expression had become a very earnest and tender one.

"As a man loves only once, the woman he would make his wife." He caught her quivering fingers in the close clasp of his own and kissed her.

When an hour or so after they joined a group of friends on the gallery, they found them deeply interested in a discussion of the possible reasons for the sudden breaking of an engagement between two young people, well-known to most of them.

"I can't understand it, I really can't", said Mrs. Asher; "they seemed so perfectly suited and had been engaged so long. But I suppose after all they never thoroughly understood each other."

"I dare say they came to understand each other too well."

The man who spoke was one who, from wide and varied observations and the general accuracy of his statements, was known as "the Experienced Man." Stated conclusively, he had been everywhere and seen everything. Rumor credited him, among other things, with a wife and progeny in some outlandish place; but they could never be satisfactorily located, and were merely incidental, anyway. He seldom talked, and when he did it was after the manner of an oracle.

There was questioning on the faces about him. The Experienced Man smiled.

"Yes, it isn't wise for a man and a woman to know too accurately the depths and shallows of each other's nature, if their love, especially the man's, is to last. Understanding does not always bring appreciation, and they are likely to discover some quality that is different from what they fancy. The woman's love, I speak in the abstract"—with a sarcastic little wave of his hand—"can withstand these revelations of character better than a man's, for through her affection for the qualities that have won her, she can overlook others. Whereas the man—"

"Is more critical, you think?"

"Is more firmly wedded to his illusions. You may protest" (the men were exclaiming "absurd" and "non-sense"), "but it is true, and when they fail him in one, he says the whole thing is vanity."

A pretty girl on the edge of the group, wondered to Lieutenant Graham 'if the Experienced Man had ever cherished an illusion, and if he hadn't frozen it, with one of those inscrutable smiles of his.'

"But Avenel is very clever," Mrs. Asher said musingly. "I know she is too clever by half. Some Frenchman says women only need heart and senses, and add to these the knowledge of how to dress and order a dinner, he is about right. No man likes to feel that a woman mentally looks over his head, though Mr. Bouvarie has brains too," she gently urged.

One imagines that Mrs. Asher's husband never argued a question with her. As a man of business he would recognize the waste of time. She was mild but persistent.

"Brains are common enough," the Experienced Man went on, "most of us possess them, but intellect is a different thing."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed a pallid youth, who had been greatly bored that morning by an exhaustive explanation of physical causes and mental effects.

"And like olives and caviaré one has to acquire a taste for it," allowed a popular club man. "You may be fond of *entrées* but it doesn't follow that you want to dine on them, and when it came to taking unto himself a wife, I fancy Bouvarie thought he would prefer flesh and blood to brain and bone."

There was a little laugh at this reference to the girl's leanness, and the conversation drifted on, while Elinore fell to thinking.

She knew the girl well. A fragile, pretty creature, very earnest and sincere, and clever to brilliancy; she remembered the man, too, and as Mrs. Asher said, how perfectly suited to each other they had seemed. Seemed! Oh, what an infinite lot of seeming there was in the world anyhow.

"Understanding does not always bring appreciation." A chill wave of apprehension swept over her. Would it be so with them? She realized her capabilities of appreciating happiness, her power of giving it, but she felt that she could be exacting, even jealous, and men are intolerant of such.

She looked across at Sargent; their eyes met and he smiled. That smile was reassuring.

The corpulent mother of the pretty girl who had wondered about the Experienced Man's illusion was taking her to task for having ruined a pair of imported gloves by gathering water-lilies. The flowers were now lying fresh and white against her fair throat.

Elinore roused herself and listened dreamily.

"The lilies won't last long, and you will want the gloves before another pair can be sent over," regretfully smoothing out the stained fingers.

"Oh, then," the girl returned airily, "I can remember how lovely they were while they did last, and that—I possessed them."

"How thoroughly woman-like;" the Experienced Man was talking more than usual. "She will pay almost any price for a thing for the satisfaction of saying it was hers."

"Well, there is 'a little balm in Gilead,'" she persisted. "We can

always remember the time when it was ours."

"And that's a lot of comfort I suppose. Memory means a great deal to you women anyway. It fills all the gaps of your life which would otherwise be desolate."

"And which you men fill—how?"

He sighed.

"With much worse."

Just then there was a general exodus to dress for dinner

"Mercy, what a dissertation!" murmured the pretty girl. "I feel as though I have never before been acquainted with my species. I'm not sure whether I'm pleased with myself or not."

"I have no doubts," her companion returned, "as to whether I am pleased." Her eyes were mischievous and questioning. They went on together down the hall, and his answer is not recorded.

It was at Elinore's request that their engagement was not announced. Sargent would have proclaimed his good fortune at once, but she shrank from possible comment. She was very happy, as girls are happy and not as a woman of thirty, she said. She had missed so much in her life, and now it had all come at once, and there was so much, so very much, to say to each other—the thorough exchange of impressions and ideas which follows engagement, and their natures seemed so in touch.

Two weeks of this sweet idleness, and Sargent was called to New York; but there were his letters every day to read over and answer, and, as she wrote to him, she had really needed this little time to herself to think over their future.

The evening before his return she was idly dreaming of her happiness—she had quite given herself up to it by this time—in the unlighted solitude of her room, when the door was suddenly opened, and with a swish and a swirl of feminine garments, some one rushed across to where she was sitting, and clasped two soft hands over her eyes.

"Who is it?" cried a fresh young voice. "You'll never guess. It is I,

Besse; which is a rhyme, though I didn't mean it," and giving Elinore an impetuous kiss, this some one swung herself around and down on the cushion at the other's feet, from which lowly position she looked up laughing.

She was a charming, pretty girl, with young peachy cheeks, a smile in her wide eyes and curving her red lips, and she had a lot of wavy, light brown hair, which was prettily parted and knotted up. She was the daughter of Mrs. Vinton Arnold, a lovely, cultured woman, who was a recognized power in Washington society, and who had never been more firmly Elinore's friend than during that time when many had hesitated about knowing her. Elinore loved her and was grateful for her confidence, and was as fond of Besse as of a younger sister. She leaned forward now and returned the girl's kiss heartily.

"You dear child. I'm so delighted. When did you come?"

"Only just now: mamma's all done up, and has gone to bed, but I rushed off to see you as soon as I learned you were here."

"How sweet of you. And you haven't changed your dress," glancing at her smartly plain traveling frock. "You must be tired and want some tea," rising and going over to the bell.

"No tea for me, please. It's for old folks." Elinore felt a vague shudder.

"Bring me a great big lemonade with cherries and things, and a wee bit of a spike in it. It braces one up wonderfully."

"Now tell me about yourself," Elinore demanded when they were once more settled with their chosen refreshments at hand. "Have you been having a good time?"

"Simply gorgeous." Besse was a debutante of the winter before, and still addicted to the frequent use of superlatives. "At Bar Arbor we stopped with the Mendenhalls, you know, and everybody was lovely to me. I'm quite a success," naively. "They said no end of nice things about me, and half the men followed me around and made things awfully interesting; but the

other girls didn't like it a bit, for men were dreadfully scarce."

This information was variously emphasized and interrupted by the gurgling of the liquid through the straws, which she put aside now, and removing the perforated silver cover, fished up the cherries and the bits of ice which she crushed noisily with her small white teeth.

"Naturally," Elinore said, smiling at her frankness. "So your summer has been one of unalloyed bliss?"

Besse was silent a moment. "Well, not altogether," she answered, slowly; "I'll tell you about it. One must confide in some one, and girls are so mean, and mothers don't understand; but you are so different," moving closer and pressing her cheek caressingly against Elinore's silken skirts. The older woman reached out and touched her hair softly. "Although there is nothing much to tell, only when we were at Beverly I met a gentleman who was quite delightful. Tremendously good looking, and his clothes always looked so well on him. I can just love a man who doesn't look theatrical in hunting pink. Well, he was very nice and attentive, and we were getting on famously till some little thing came up, and instead of asking for an explanation he just quietly went away."

"Is that all?"

Besse laughed. She had a quaint little way of setting her childish small teeth together which made her look alluringly piquant.

"Well, I'm not sure. I'll tell you a great secret. He's here. That is why I insisted on coming, though every one knows," argumentatively to her conscience probably, since Elinore had not spoken, "that Old Point Comfort is a perfectly lovely place to spend the autumn. It's not showing altogether proper pride, perhaps; and you dear, proud old thing, you would be miserable forever before you would do such a thing, but you miss a lot by stiff-necked pride, and the Bible doesn't approve of it, either. Of course mamma doesn't know, and I shall be profoundly amazed when I see him to-

morrow. But, surely, you know him. His name is Jack Sargent, and he is from New York."

Elinore involuntarily turned her engagement ring so the glittering stone was hidden in her palm. When she spoke her tone was mild, though the agony of the situation was beating up hard in her throat.

"Yes, I know him. Were—were you two engaged, dear?"

"Oh, no, only good friends. He seemed to like me, and I—well, I would rather he admired me than anyone. What do you think of him, Elinore?"

"He is very nice and entertaining. We are quite friends, and—"

"Tell me," impulsively, "is he devoted to anybody. That is, particularly so to a particular body?"

"I think not."

Besse must have mistaken the vague hesitation in her tone for reflection, for she sighed contentedly.

"That's all right. But, goodness!" glancing at her little enameled watch, "it is nearly twelve. I must get to bed if I want to look like anything to-morrow. Good night, dear," holding up her mouth to be kissed. Elinore passed her arm tenderly over the girl's shoulders.

"Good night and pleasant dreams."

Her strained nerves felt a strange sense of relief when she was alone again. The situation was so difficult. That she should stand in the way of Besse's happiness, the girl she loved, the daughter of her best and truest friend, was inconceivable. She was not to blame, for she had not known. It was no one's fault, but all so very unfortunate, and she could see no way out.

She flared up the light and, obeying a woman's natural impulse, looked at herself in the mirror. The reflection was not reassuring. She had been looking quite youthful and pretty of late, being of a type of women largely influenced by their emotions; but the becoming pinkness had all faded, and in the unshaded light she looked quite plain and old, and the contrasting memory of Besse's young face was strong upon her.

That Sargent loved her she did not doubt, but would that love continue? The three weeks of her seniority assumed awful proportions which she dared not face. Things were not altogether as they should be. He should marry some one whose eyes had not looked deep into the mysteries of life, and whose lips had not tasted of experience's bitterness. It should be so. Her resolve was soon taken.

She gathered together his letters: there were a great many of them, for he had often written to her after leaving her at night, the letters being brought to her room before breakfast. This had been boyish, perhaps, but it had pleased her as a mature woman is pleased with a touch of boyishness in a lover. To her it savors of sincerity. And then there were his presents. He had been very lavish with them, and there were quite a lot of pretty things, besides his ring and a great opal stick pin. The last was her birth stone, and he had purchased it to ward off further fulfillment of the woe prophesied for October's children. That was all, save some browned and withered Cape Jasmine blooms. How strong with their scent came a memory of the morning he had given them to her! It was before he had spoken, but they had been very happy as they walked along the shady side street, everything fresh and sweet-smelling from the rain of the night before; and as they passed an old-fashioned garden overflowing with luxuriance of blossom, he had reached out and gathered them for her, and had watched her fasten them in the lace of her bodice with the look men's eyes hold for the woman whose personality is beginning to color their lives. She could keep them. He would never know; and she put them away in a box which all of us women carry about with us, where the souvenirs of our past are embalmed in the lavender of futile hopes and the dried rose leaves of dead joys. The force of what the Experienced Man had said about memory filling the gaps in women's lives was freshly borne in upon her. She made a neat packet of the letters and trinkets, and then wrote a

short note. It was hard to say so little when she longed to say so much, but she held herself well in hand and chose her phrases carefully.

I hope you will not think harshly of me, but I have thought and thought, and I feel sure that for us life together would be impossible. I return your letters and ring. You may not now quite think as I do, but I am certain the day will come when you will. Please believe that I pray for your happiness. Good-bye for always,

E. L. H.

You can send my letters and photograph to Washington. They will be forwarded to me.

There was a touch of finality about these lines which she felt he would see and accept.

In the gray of the early morning, Besse was awakened by Mrs. Huron's coming gently in to say good-bye. She had been called home suddenly, she said, and could not leave without saying adieu. Besse sat up sleepily, murmured her regrets and returned the other's kiss; and Elinore was gone as quietly as she had come, leaving the girl to toss the pillow about to find the "cool side" and to dream half-waking dreams of Jack Sargent, and wonder if he would look pleased when he saw her here. And Sargent did look distinctly pleased. He got in that afternoon a little tired and dusty, to find on his dressing-table the packet and note from Elinore, which was naturally a most unpleasant surprise. At first he could scarcely believe she was serious, and half resolved to take the first train for Washington. He was going down to ask about the trains, when he met Besse, who greeted him with a smile, cool on her lips but warm in her hazel eyes. He was feeling hurt and sore because of what he deemed Elinore's unkind treatment, and he found the girl's sweet friendliness very soothing.

Nothing so furthers a growing friendship between two young people as the explanation of some misunderstanding. It leads to confidences and an insight into each other's natures, and Besse, being a young person of some penetration, had rather a notion of this when she planned her visit to Old Point Comfort. Sargent did not leave

for Washington that day, nor the next, and at the end of a week he collected Elinore's letters and with a formal note forwarded them as had been requested. He did not do this without some pain and heartache, for he had loved her, and they had been happy; but he concluded that it was the inevitable consequence of loving an extraordinary woman, and as such accepted it.

Elinore waited in Washington until she received the letters, which she quietly put aside, and then joined a party of wearied spirits who were seeking amusement in the exploration of unbeaten paths. She was in Samoa at Christmas tide, where she received an enthusiastic epistle from Besse announcing her engagement. She was very, very happy, and Jack was simply

lovely as ever, and the wedding was to be an Easter one. Elinore must surely return for it. Her exquisite taste in the arrangements would be needed. But Elinore did not return. She sent some rare curios and a sincerely worded note of congratulation, and hoped for the happiness of them both.

The other day some women were talking of her success in a new field of work, when out of the fullness of his wisdom the Experienced Man spoke thus:

"Everything has a price, and that which success demands from women is usually large. It is the old, old story of the box with the colored spools. She has the box and it is very beautiful, but it is empty. She has purchased it at the expense of the colored spools."

CHARLOTTE.

BY JOSEPHINE COMPTON.

I.

THE old plantation house stood stately and white in the luminous rays of the full moon, which, as it arose from the fleecy clouds that hung low in the horizon, moved majestically upward in the clear blue of the southern sky, and looked down upon the great chimneys, quaint gables, and wide verandas of this ancestral home. The moonlight revealed, too, with picturesque distinctness, a village of smaller buildings grouped in the background; and beyond these were hills and valleys stretching on to the distant forest, which stood like a mighty wall securely hedging them in from the outside world. No evening had ever been more beautiful; no sky more clear.

A little later, a misty vapor began to rise and form itself into a shapeless mass, which at first moved slowly upward. Then it rapidly increased in density as it hurried across the heavens, not pausing until it had veiled the

moon in darkness and cast its shadow like a pall over the fair scene. Was this sudden transformation portentous of the desolation hovering near?

It seemed so to the young girl who sat on the stone steps of the piazza, and it magnified the dark forebodings which filled her mind. For weeks she had heard the booming of cannon, sounding at intervals with dull uncertainty, but to-day it had been distinctly near. She shuddered as the steady roar shook the earth beneath her, for it had not ceased although the twilight deepened.

In this home of her forefathers, Virginia had never known anything but ease and comfort. She could not recall a time when some one was not ready to do her bidding; and yet she was lovely in character, and her gentle consideration for others won willing service.

Her maid Charlotte sat on the step below her. For a long time this negro girl had watched her mistress, and



once or twice had ventured to speak, but receiving no reply had relapsed into silence.

Charlotte was born in one of the many log cabins which stood on the outskirts of the forest, but when only four years old, she had been brought to the manor home to be companion and maid to little Virginia, who was of the same age. They were now just sixteen. Charlotte had learned to regard with submission the moods of the girl beside her, and yet there was between them an intimacy and affection true and lasting. Virginia had no sister, and her only brother was several years her senior. When they were children, Virginia and Charlotte shared their griefs and their joys.

To these children time was as untrammelled as the songs of the birds above them, or as the rose and the jessamine which, left to themselves year after year, had climbed up neighboring trees, and mingled their sweetness together. Here they were unmindful of Black Mammy, whose watchful eyes were always peering from some unexpected ambush, ready to assert her authority should they stray beyond the prescribed limit of her vision.

Then, when Virginia's mother died, mammy had naturally assumed the care of the child, with little regard to the higher prerogative of Virginia's father or grandmother. Charlotte was even more under her government, and

Mammy had taught her to always "min' Miss Virginia, and an' don' you nuver 'pose nuthin' she say nor do;" and she held Charlotte responsible for any disturbance that might arise between the two. This the girl did not always remember, though, and when she disapproved of Virginia's suggestions she would emphatically declare:—

"I don' like it dot way, an' I ain' gwine do it so, nuther."

Whenever the two went beyond the front gate to paddle in the branch or wander still further to the river to climb the huge timbers that washed upon the shore, mammy's vigilance would soon detect their absence; then she would rush from the house as fast as her corpulence would allow, and the voice that reached them was full of indignation, usually directed towards the delinquent Charlotte.

"Didn' I tell you," she would say breathlessly, "to take kere uv dis hyah chile an' not let her git in no mischief?"

"She sade she were gwine fuss," Charlotte would explain, "an' she clim' de big gate herse'f."

"You stan' dyah an' tell me dat story?" Mammy's tone was now full of wrath. "Where you 'spec' you gwine when you die? Come heah to me!" but as she stooped to pick up a small stick lying near, Charlotte would wisely retreat behind her little mistress, as she cautiously reminded mammy:

"I 'longs to Miss Virginia, I does."

"Yes!" Virginia would add, "and I am not going to let you hurt her, and I don't love you one bit, mammy."

"Now jes heah dat chile!" Mammy's voice was subdued to gentle accents now. "She speak dat way to her mammy who done nuss her, an' rock her, an' sing to her ever sence she comed here."

Mammy always referred to her loving care of Virginia, as the strongest appeal to the child's affections, and the little girl was ever ready to yield; not so much from gratitude, as from the tender love in her heart for this dear old soul, who had done her best

for her moral and religious training. In these instructions Charlotte always had a share, but the lessons were given with due regard to the position of the listener. The white children as well as the black, were taught to be polite to all, no matter what their color, but especially to the aged. When the rule was transgressed, mammy would gently rebuke Virginia by saying:

"If I was a lady, I'd be one."

If it were Charlotte who was at fault, she would peremptorily demand:

"Where's your manners?"

If the omission was of a serious nature, mammy's countenance showed the weight of her responsibility as admonisher.

"I ain't know what mo' to do; I done talk to you, an' I done pray wid you; an' if you still gwine on your own way to distruchshun, you fin' out bime by, dat dar ain't no crown laid up fur you; an' den what you gwine do?" Then Virginia's quivering lip showed her utter inability to resist such pleading, and she would rush tearfully penitent to mammy's welcoming arms.

Charlotte would not fare so well.

"Didn' you know better an' dat, you 'ceitful nigger? Many times as I done warn you? An' now I gwine tell you agin, if you don't men' your ways, you gwine straight to de gallers, elsewise Satan gwine claim you fur his own, 'an he got mighty strong hol' on you now, sho's you born."

In after years, when Virginia recalled the events of her childhood, she seldom thought of any but the pleasant and the happy. One that always touched a fond chord in her memory was mammy's bed-time songs and stories. The picture was of herself, comfortably tucked in bed, Charlotte in her accustomed place on the rug in front of the blazing fire, and mammy sitting in the old flag-bottomed chair, gently rocking in the shadows, while she sang some sweet and pathetic plantation hymn. Still better than the songs were the stories, weird, mysterious and full of superstition and improbabilities that the children loved.

Sometimes mammy would follow her own inclination and relate tales of the past, in which she portrayed in wonderful delineation the family pride and dignity; the balls and weddings, with their pomp and ceremony. In all of these, mammy was an important and conspicuous figure, and when Virginia indignantly asked why she and Charlotte were not allowed to share these delights, mammy would reassuringly reply:

"Dot wus in centuries gone by, honey, when me an' yo' ma wus young. But it are comin' agin when you an' Marse Richard is don' growd up; an' ef you 'velops into futurity like your ma did; an' if Charlotte follers in yo' mammy's tracks, you both gwine have dem same 'speriences."

When it was decided that Virginia was old enough to have a governess, and when the teacher entered the school-room for the first time, she was surprised to see Virginia followed by Charlotte, who carried Virginia's books and sat on a cushion at her mistress's feet. The gentle lady wisely forbore interference, and no change was proposed by any one except mammy, who denounced Charlotte for "settin' all day doin' nuthin';" and she added: "Dot gal is been spilt an' spilt till she are now on de narrer road to 'struction, an' ef she comes to 'demnation, it ain't gwine be t'rough me."

Charlotte sat in the school-room ready to do anything Virginia wished; she listened, too, to the teacher's explanation of things that seemed even difficult for Virginia to understand; and often lulled by the monotony of the voices, her eyes would close with the drooping of her head, which Virginia would gently draw against her knee, as she whispered: "Poor Charlotte." The governess would have protested against this, but when she essayed to speak, Virginia's manner was so politely imperative that she smiled submissively.

But the quiet, uneventful days in this secluded home were drawing to a close. The threatening tales that were at first received lightly began to

take shape in the call to arms, and the hurrying of many feet.

Virginia and Charlotte heard of it, listening as they would to some fabulous tale; nor were they aroused to any sense of danger when the gentle governess closed the school-room door and sought refuge in her distant home. It was not until the master of the manor began to talk of leaving, and the son arrived suddenly from college, full of enthusiasm and determination to follow his father to the war, that events began to assume a serious aspect to them. Preparation was quickly made, and father and son in gray uniforms rode away, turning in their saddles to look back and wave a cheerful good by to the loved ones who stood on the piazza watching their departure. Virginia held her handkerchief high in the light breeze, and her face was beaming with confident expectations. Charlotte stood behind Virginia, restraining any outward demonstration, but her eager eyes betrayed the sympathy she felt. She did not know that the circumstances which took them away would bring a great change in her own life. The plantation was left in care of the faithful slaves, and Virginia and her aged grandmother were without any other protection.

During the weary, anxious months that lengthened into years, father and son made occasional hurried visits home, which always brought comfort and renewed hope; and master and slave continued the same relationship toward each other that had always existed, although both were conscious that the ties which bound them together were slowly being severed.

The emancipation proclamation was not unexpected, yet Virginia had never spoken of it; but one day when Charlotte returned from a visit to the quarters, Virginia looked up from her book as she entered the room, and the truth flashed like an electric shock from one to the other. Charlotte rushed to Virginia, and falling on her knees beside her, buried her face in her mistress's lap as she gasped:

"Oh! I ain't never, never gwine to

leave you, Miss Virginia! What I gwine to do wid freedom?"

Virginia bowed her head, while tears stole down her cheeks. A great stillness seemed now to spread over the plantation. The slaves no longer whistled or sang as they followed the plough; they no longer danced in the moonlight before the cabin doors, and the picking of the banjo was hushed. They stood in groups, and whispered and waited—waited wonderingly for some interfering power, which they were confident would come to point out the unknown way which they feared to take alone.

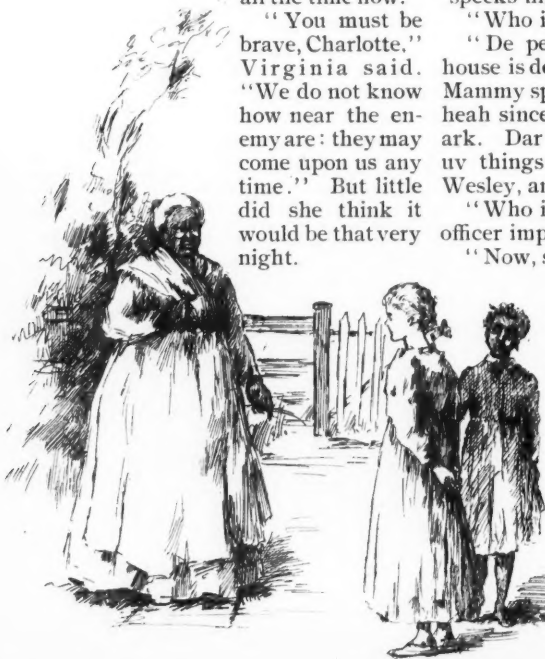
Virginia was thinking of these changes, when she and Charlotte sat on the steps of the piazza and heard the rumbling of the distant cannon.

Now the earth shook beneath them, and Charlotte involuntarily drew near to Virginia, with a startled look on her face.

"What is the matter?" Virginia asked with forced calmness.

"I don' know," replied Charlotte timidly, "but it 'pears like I's skeered all the time now."

"You must be brave, Charlotte," Virginia said. "We do not know how near the enemy are: they may come upon us any time." But little did she think it would be that very night.



A few hours later, the moon emerging from a cloud shone brightly down upon the glittering steel of advancing soldiers, while out upon the quiet night rang the startling cry of "Halt! halt! halt!"

The inmates of the manor house sprang from their beds, and looking from the windows, saw beyond the trees and shadows the moving of men and horses, and heard the rattling of wheels, mingled with calls and shouts. Some horsemen dashed up to the front piazza, and soon there was a sharp ring from the great brass knocker. Mammy went to the door, saying as she descended the stairs:

"No, indeed! I ain't a-feared uv none uv um if da is uncivilized." But her courage waned when she opened the door.

"Is the master of the house in?" asked a man who wore the uniform of a Federal officer.

"No, sah!"

"Where is he?"

"I don' know zackly where he are," answered mammy, evasively, "but we 'specks him home every day."

"Who is living in this house?"

"De people dat lives in dis hyah house is de folks dat it 'longs to, sah." Mammy spoke proudly. "Da has been heah since de time dat Pharon built de ark. Dar is plenty uv us to take keer uv things; Robert, an' Chrissy an' Wesley, an' Dinah, an' Charity, an—"

"Who is here now?" demanded the officer impatiently.

"Now, sah? Ain't nobody heah jes now, but Ole Missis and Miss Virginia. Me an' Charlotte takes keer uv 'em at nights, but we ain't never a-feared uv nuthin' nor nobody," said mammy, bravely.

"Say to the mistress of the house," the officer replied, "that this invasion is imperative, but I will see that the dwelling is safe from all intrusion."

Mammy thanked him with a low bow, and when she returned up—

stairs and tried to repeat what he said, Virginia told her they did not wish to hear anything more about them. The resentment which she felt then bitterly strengthened when she beheld the beauties of her dear home vanish. Depredations increased as the soldiers multiplied in numbers. Tent after tent loomed up, until in a month there was a vast encampment. The railing that enclosed the lawn was torn down to admit grazing horses and lounging soldiers. Only the posts of the entrance gate were left, and Virginia and Charlotte saw from the attic windows that the wheat and tobacco fields were trodden down.

"Oh, Miss Virginia!" wailed Charlotte, "everything done gone! Don' let Ole Missis know dis, kaze she'll brake right down!"

Virginia did not hear her; she was thinking "What does it matter? There is no one now to gather it in the barns." She buried her face in her hands.

"Don't take on so, Miss Virginia!" pleaded Charlotte; "please don', kaze dese solgers is gwine 'way soon, 'deed dey is!"

Virginia's suspicions had before been aroused by Charlotte's frequent and prolonged visits to the negro quarters. She turned quickly upon the girl, and asked:

"How do you know? Have you been to the camp?"

"No, Miss, but—"

"Well."

"As I was gwine long to the quarters las' night, I met a solger, an' he wouldn't let me pass till he done talk, an' talk; an' he say da was all gwine 'way soon, an' wouldn't nobody be lef on de plantation, white er black."

Virginia suppressed her indignation. "And what did he tell you to do?"

"He say da all gwine away, an' some wus goin' wid de wagons back to Washinton, an' I better make my 'rangements to go wid 'em; but I tole him I won't never gwine leave you an'—"



"I know all about it!" interrupted Virginia, hotly. "He told you you were free, you could do as you please, and that you would find a better home there."

"I ain't b'lieve nothin' he said, an' I tole him so. He think I gwine leave Mam Tildy, an' Ole Missis, an' you? 'Deed I ain't!" She paused and then continued, dreamily questioning herself. "What I gwine do wid freedom, lessen I white?"

"There is no truth in all these idle tales you hear," Virginia said; "but they will try to persuade you to go."

"Miss Virginia!" Charlotte spoke solemnly, "I promise you, an' I'll kiss de Bible to it, dat I ain't niver gwine leave you fer nobody."

And Virginia was sincere when she replied:

"I believe you, Charlotte."

After this neither of them mentioned the subject, and the days passed as though no doubt had ever come between them. Charlotte was more faithful than ever in performing her

duties. She took more pains to arrange Virginia's hair and dress; and at night when she had undressed her mistress, she lingered around the bed tenderly smoothing the spread that covered her. Virginia had no suspicion of the conflict that was going on in Charlotte's mind.

It was evening when the family, who had been so long prisoners in their own home, felt satisfied that they would soon be free. There was no outward demonstration among the troops; on the contrary they were more quiet than usual. The lawn was deserted, and only the lumbering of heavy wheels could be heard.

"We will soon be happy again," Virginia said to Charlotte.

Charlotte was unusually silent, as she knelt beside Virginia, and removed her shoes and stockings. She had done this ever since they were little girls. When she had tucked her mistress in bed, and folded and laid aside her clothes, she brought her own rude pallet, which she spread on the floor and lay down upon.

Virginia was soon fast asleep, but Charlotte lay for some time with wide open eyes. Then she quietly arose and stood motionless. Moonlight flooded the room; Virginia breathed gently. Charlotte knelt down beside the bed. "Good by, Miss Virginia!" she whispered lowly, "good by, Miss Virginia! I said I wa'nt never gwine to leave you, an' I ain't gwine to break my word 'tirely; 'kaze I's comin' back soon; 'deed I is!"

Virginia moved in her sleep. Charlotte wavered as she looked by the sleeping form before her. She leaned over and kissed the white hands folded on the coverlet, then stepped back, turned away and hastened with noiseless tread through the hall to the back stairs. Her only fear was in being detected by mammy, but she was relieved from this anxiety by finding that faithful creature fast asleep in a large arm chair stationed outside the door of "Ole Missis'" room. Charlotte crept softly by, descended the stairs and was soon out in the back yard. She hurried between the shad-

ows of the gum and sycamore trees to the screen of the althea hedge, then through the peach orchard to the narrow path that led across an open field to the camp beyond.

II.

During all the confusion and noise which prevailed in the camp, the inmates of the house slept on. The soldiers moved away; the moon went down, and when mammy awoke, sunshine smiled in mockery on the scene. Mammy was surprised to find she had slept all night. She peeped in the door, and seeing her "Ole Missis'" still slept, went into the hall and listened. There was no sound in Virginia's room.

"Ef it wa'n't fur wakin' Miss Virginia," she said, "I'd have dat lazy gal up in no time. Sleepin' dis time uv day! I wonder," she continued, "if dem Philisteens done gone!"

She went to the window and saw the deserted camp. "Bless de Lord!" she exclaimed. "Da is done gone an' took most all uv de niggers wid um. I gwine right down dyar an' see whut all dis mean."

She shuffled along, talking to herself as she went. "I done know it frum de fuss; de good Lord done show it to me; not in dreams nuther, but wid my eyes wide open."

She paused as she passed the low, dark kitchen. It was empty, and the smouldering coals were uncovered. In the direction of the quarters she could hear the voice of the cook, Aunt Henny. She quickened her step in the path that wound in and out among the many outbuildings and down the long hill, which brought her almost breathless to the spot where Aunt Henny stood, declaiming in loud tones and unconnected sentences to the decrepit old men and women, and small children, who regarded her as an oracle.

To some Aunt Henny would have presented a most ludicrous picture. Her black face, distorted by emotion, was surmounted by a red and yellow turban, and below her blue cotton dress, which was tucked up on each



side, were displayed slipshod shoes, whose size could hardly be exaggerated. But mammy was not in a humorous state of mind as she interrupted the speaker, whose high-strung notes were sinking to a lower key from exhaustion.

"What's all dis 'bout?" she asked.

"What's done happen?"

"Happen!" repeated Aunt Henny, "don' yo' own eyes tell you what done happen? A'n't da' all done gon' 'way like a t'ief in de night, an' lef' jes' de halt an' de lame?"

She paused, and the listeners cast their sad eyes on the scene around them. Then they sank down on the ground and joined in the lamentations of a woman who sat on the sill of a cabin, hugging her knees and rocking herself to and fro. Aunt Henny pointed to the figure as she continued. "Dyah's Aunt Matildy dyah! Every livin' chile done gone! She ain't got nuthin' lef', not even de widdler's mite."

"You furgits Charlotte," mammy said.

"Charlotte? No, I ain't, nuther! Whar' you 'spec dat gal is?"

"Ain't Charlotte at de house?" asked mammy, in alarm.

"Not lessen she done comed back sence she lef'. She promised 'Tildy dat she gwine be back inside er t'ree weeks, but I don' know 'bout dat, kaze——"

"Charlotte done gone!" Mammy spoke as one dazed. Without listening to another word, she turned and went back to the house much faster than she came. But her feet could not take her rapidly enough up the steep hill, and her mind was troubled lest Virginia might awake and find herself alone.

"I comin', Miss Virginia, honey," she said, by way of comforting herself. "Don' you fret. Mammy gwine take kere uv you. Mammy comin'."

At the sound of approaching footsteps Virginia awoke and sat up in bed with an anxious look, as though she was conscious that something dreadful had come upon her. The rosy hue faded from her face as her questioning eyes met mammy's, which were full of tenderness.

"Nuver min', Miss Virginia, honey. Your mammy gwine dress you, an' take keer uv you, an' you ain't gwine suffer fur nuthin'."

Virginia glanced around the room and saw everything was just as it had been the night before. Then her eyes fell upon the empty pallet, and the truth rushed upon her.

"O mammy, mammy!" she cried.

"Yes, honey! de ongrateful wretch! She done gone; but don' you min', mammy hyah."

Virginia looked despairingly at her clothes as she stood in the middle of the room. "I ought not to be surprised. I might have known that this would happen."

"Sutny, I done know it all de time; an' I seed it all night plain as day as I sot dyah watchin' and wonderin'; but don' you min', honey! Mammy gwine take kere uv you now. Come 'long hyah an' let me dress you."

She spoke soothingly as she had done when Virginia was a baby.

"No, mammy! Let me do it. I might as well begin now as any time. I am old enough."



"No, you ain't ole nuff," argued mammy. "An' if you wuz, whoever hearn uv quality folks waitin' on dyah selfs? I ain't gwine to let you do it, nohow; hyahs your shoes an' stock-ins'." Mammy sat down. "Now set down in dis cheer, an' put you foot in mammy's lap."

Virginia hesitated.

"I am afraid grandma wants you," she said.

"No, she don't nuther! And if she do, she ain't never in no hurry. I ken take kere uv you both."

"You dear old mammy!" exclaimed Virginia, as she took the proffered seat and hugged the fat arm next to her. "What would I do without you?"

Charlotte was entering hopefully upon her new life, as she sat in the crowded ambulance which was carrying her from her old plantation home, beyond the borders of which she had never before passed. As she looked

back, every familiar object faded from her view, while before her the resplendent moon was fast sinking behind the forest beyond which lay the unknown country to which she was going. The lamentations of those who were left behind were silenced in the songs of her companions. Charlotte did not join in these, and the jesting and laughter which followed grated upon her ear. She had not expected to be hedged in with the common field hands. Strange misgivings began to steal over her, and she was glad when she was told that it was her turn to walk.

They traveled slowly. It was the second day and they had not left the Shenandoah valley, having been delayed by a skirmish between some Confederate cavalry and the train guard. Charlotte was toiling up a hill striving to keep up with the more sturdy ones, when her attention was attracted to a group of soldiers under some trees a short distance from her. They had just finished digging a long trench into which they were consigning dead bodies. Charlotte saw that one of the dead wore the uniform of a Confederate, and there was something about the form that caused her to rush toward it; and as she caught sight of the still, upturned face, she uttered a scream and threw herself upon the body.

"Is he dade?" she cried, "is Marse Richard dade? Oh!" she continued, addressing a soldier who advanced toward her, "dis is Miss Virginia's brother, don' put him in dat hole! Lemme take him home an' bury him side o' ole Marster!"

"Poor girl!" replied the soldier, sympathetically, "he must be buried here. There is no time to lose, for there may be another raid upon us. I am sorry that you knew him."

"Me know Marse Richard! Whut keep me from knowin' him? He's my own Marster."

"You have no master," said the soldier, "you are as free as I am, and you can take these things. You have a better right to them than any one else."

He had been searching the Confederate's pockets and handed her a watch,

book, ring and purse. She took them, sobbing bitterly as she said:

"Poor Miss Virginia! Who gwine tell her dis? Who gwine let her know 'bout it? O, please lemme take him home. It mout pacify her if I took him back." She was following the body which the soldiers had lifted and were carrying toward the trench.

"Don't you hear them calling you from the top of the hill?" asked a soldier, sharply.

A teamster stood on the brow of the hill, awaiting Charlotte's approach.

"Hurry up!" he spoke in a gruff tone, "or you will lose your turn to ride. We can't be waiting for you lagging behind."

Charlotte was glad to rest, and in spite of the uneven roads and her troubled mind she fell asleep. As she lay in one corner of the ambulance, a picture of utter exhaustion, no one offered to disturb her, and she did not awake until the same rough teamster said, as he gave her a rude shake:

"Are you going to sleep forever? Ain't you going to get out, or are you going to stay there?"

Charlotte started up.

"Where is dis?" she asked.

"Washington, of course. Wasn't it here you wanted to come?"

"Yes, sah!" replied the girl, as she vainly tried to find her bundle of clothes.

"It's gone! somebody done steal it," she said. Then, in alarm, she clasped her hands to her bosom—but, no; that was safe.

She did not know where to go, but seeing a crowd in advance of her, she followed on to a filthy street. Here she found dwellings so packed with dirty humanity that there seemed nothing but death inside. Charlotte spent most of her time sitting on the door step, vaguely watching the multitude before her. She heard the mutterings of disappointment and discontent. The government was too much occupied at present to better their condition. They were furnished with scanty rations, and told to wait. Days passed and lengthened into weeks. Charlotte's health began to fail. The girl knew

she was losing strength, and she felt ashamed of her surroundings, and of her scant, worn clothing. She often thought of the purse in her package of treasures. She knew it contained money which would have relieved her want. But she always said to herself:

"Dis is Miss Virginia's. I ain't gwine tech it if I die. I done tole her a lie. I sade I wan't never gwine leave her, an' de Lord done right to bring dis judgment on me."

At last she resolved to go home, if possible. She did not speak of it, because she dreaded the others' taunts.

One day as she was passing a group who were talking in excited tones, she learned that a number of those who had run away had gone back. She was almost overcome. Gone home! And she had not known they were going? Gone! Perhaps some of them to her own home, and she might have joined them and been now with Miss Virginia in her own comfortable home, whose blessings were magnified more and more in her mind as her necessities grew greater. She moved slowly away, not caring where she went. Suddenly, she was attracted by the sound of music, and paused to listen, when in answer to her look of inquiry a man standing near volunteered to say that the band was serenading the general in the building opposite. A gleam of hope came into her face. Might not he be the one who had charge of them, and could he not tell her how to find her home? With these thoughts her strength revived, and she made her way through the crowd into the hall of the building. A colored man came toward her, and asked what she wanted.

"I wants to see de genurel."

"De genurel say dat—" but Charlotte was already half way up the stairs. At the landing she encountered another colored man.

"I gwine to see the genurel!" she said without waiting for his question.

"I don' know 'bout dat" he answered, "kase—"

Charlotte heard voices in a room opposite and darted in through the half-closed door.

Several officers stood around another who sat at a desk with a pen in his hand. The frown on his face gave way to an expression of pity as he looked at the figure before him, panting like a hunted animal.

"You are tired," he said kindly. "Sit down and tell me your errand."

"I wan' go home!" she spoke eagerly. "I 'longs to Miss Virginia, an' I promised her I was never gwine leave her, but de devil tempted me, an' I come away. I thought —" she paused.

"I see" he added. "You expected to be better off here. I will gladly do what I can for you; tell me where you came from."

"I lives on de ole plantation, in de big white house wid Miss Virginia; it's got a big yard an' trees, an' it ain't fur frum de river" said Charlotte, innocently.

"What is the name of the town?"

"Dah ain't no town," she replied.

"Then tell me the name of the county?"

Charlotte looked blank; she could not answer.

"If you can't find out any of these things, I cannot help you in the way you wish, but I will give you what you most need." He handed her money. It occurred to him that she might refuse the gift, and he added, "The government has promised to take care of you and I represent the government."

Charlotte had no idea of refusing the proffered help. All she ever had was what had been given to her. She took the money with fast falling tears, and as she passed out, another officer handed her a dollar.

Charlotte grew more listless than ever. She realized that she had no friends, and she gave up all hope of ever getting home again. She still assured herself that it was the Lord's judgment upon her, and that it was a just punishment, and patiently waited for the end which she felt was not far off.

One day when she sat as usual on the door step, with her emaciated hands folded upon her lap and her

hollow eyes fixed in the distance, a shadow fell on the sidewalk beside her. But she did not notice that a figure was slowly coming towards her. It was that of a tall, squarely built colored woman, neatly attired in a checked cotton dress and white apron. A bright bandana handkerchief was closely bound around her head. In one hand she carried a long sun-bonnet and in the other a basket. The bonnet she had removed from her head as she looked searchingly at Charlotte, while she soliloquized:

"Mebby I don' see zackly right; it mout be her an' it mout not. It do look mighty like her or elsewise her ghos'. I can't say ef it are my own chile; howsomever I gwine fine out." She lowered her voice to a kindly tone, as she leaned towards the motionless figure and gently asked,

"Is dis you, Charlotte, honey?"

Charlotte started when she heard the voice, and uttered a cry as she beheld her own Mammy Matilda standing beside her.

"O Mammy Tildy, has you come'd sho nuf? I been dreamin' 'bout you an' everybody down in de ole home, an' I 'feared I ain't waked up yit."

"Yes, you is, honey! an' dis are cutny me. But what de matter wid you? What make you look so sickly?"

"I can't tell you nuthin' 'bout it now," answered the girl glancing suspiciously around as though she feared some one might detain her. "Let's git 'way frum dis place quick as we ken. Come on!" she added, pulling Mammy Tildy who was holding back.

"Wait, chile!" she said. "You ain't got you' close nor nuthin'!"

"Don' stop no mo'!" exclaimed Charlotte, excitedly. "I ain't got no close, nor nuthin' but whut is hyah," and she laid her hand on her bosom where her treasures were concealed.

"Den it are high time you was home, an' no mistake," Mammy Tildy said as she followed Charlotte. "I ain't thought nuthin' uv dis place from de fuss, min' you! An' now I b'lieve it are de very same pergitory we heah 'bout. But thank de Lord! we gwine git out uv hyah an' go straight home. Miss

Virginia done give me nuf money to bring us any whar; she don' fix it in little bundles an' tell me to give one at a time."

The two journeyed on afoot, but oftener they found some one who gave them a seat in a conveyance going in the direction they were traveling; and when they crossed into the Confederate lines, they were equally fortunate and were carried within the borders of the old plantation.

Charlotte had walked across damp meadows, and struggled through the brambles and briars of the low swamps, and jostled over rough roads unmindful of harm to herself. She did not realize that her cough was worse and her step more feeble; and now when she saw the tall chimneys of her own home, she sank down in the grass.

"I can't b'lieve I mos' home!" she gasped. "It don' 'pear like it's true. Did you say Miss Virginia know'd Marse Richard were dead?"

"Yes. She took on mighty hard when her gran'ma fuss got de letter from her pa, but now she 'pears to done settle down from her fuss worriment 'bout it, pore chile!"

"Does you think she 'spec'in' us?" asked Charlotte.

"Deed, I does! But I don' reckon she lookin' fur you, honey; kaze she low she don' b'lieve I ever gwine fin' you. Den she say as how she gwine 'spec' me home inside uv two weeks, an' de 'pinted time is up dis blessed night 'scusin' one day. But she gwine be mighty glad ter see you, kaze you know she allers sot heap o' sto' by you!"

"Yes," replied Charlotte, trying to forget her broken promise, "an' I know I got suthin what's gwine make her glad!"

She arose from the ground and moved on with a look on her face that expressed her eagerness to bestow the gift at once.

When the low rap came to Virginia's door, she did not seem surprised when she opened it to see Mammy Tildy standing.

"Have you come?" she asked, "and without Charlotte?"

"Yes, Miss Virginia!" answered Mammy Tildy, "hyah I is, but I don' fetch Charlotte, too!" and as she spoke, the girl sprang forward and clasped her arms about her young mistress, saying:

"I don' come back, Miss Virginia, but de Lord have sent heavy jedgment on me fur gwine 'way like I did; but—"

Virginia interrupted her. Her heart ached so at the sight of the wasted form before her that it was with difficulty she composed herself to speak.

"Poor Charlotte!" she said, "we will not think any more of that. You have suffered enough, and I am soglad to have you back. Mammy," she continued, as that personage appeared with a look of speechless astonishment depicted on her black face, "Mammy, Charlotte is here, weak and sick, but we will soon make her well again."

"If dat are Charlotte," mammy answered, "I nuver would hev know'd hit 'cepin' she wuz standin' thar side uv Tildy! Thank de Lord, I ain't don' los' my senses, an' gon' wanderin' 'roun' de yearth arter dem wil-low de whips."

Virginia did not reply to mammy's remarks, but talked cheerfully; and later, when Charlotte sat on a low seat beside her in the neat dress she used to wear, Virginia's heart was full of hope, and Charlotte's pinched expression had changed to restful content. She looked up into Virginia's face, and saw pleasure mingled with the tears she shed, as she tenderly examined the articles taken from her dead brother's pockets.

"I wish you had used the money, Charlotte," she said. "It would have spared you want and suffering."

"Miss Virginia," answered Charlotte, with a return of painful remembrance expressed in her solemn eyes, "I sade I wuz nuver gwine take none uv Marse Richard's money, kaze I know'd de Lord's jedgment was right."

Virginia did not continue the subject. She knew the girl was not strong enough to be reasoned with, and although the doctor gave little encouragement, it was not long before Charlotte was well enough to roam with:

Virginia among their old haunts. But when the summer passed by, her strength gradually failed. She rested often, and her cough was painful.

Virginia had an easy chair placed under the trees, where Charlotte sat day after day, in the early autumn. Virginia was often with her, and would read to her some simple story, but Charlotte loved most to hear the songs of the "Sweet Psalmist of Israel." She was in the habit of going to Matilda's quarter and telling her what she had heard. One day when her tottering steps had just reached the cabin door, she fell. Matilda stopped her spinning wheel suddenly, and picked the girl up and laid her on a bed. Here Virginia found her, motionless and insensible. The doctor came, but only to gratify Virginia's urgent summons.

When he reached the threshold, he paused, and stood with uncovered head. The sun was low in the sky and filled the cabin with a soft, mellow light. Matilda sat at the foot of the couch, moaning and rocking herself to and fro, just as she did the morning she missed Charlotte. Virginia showed no outward grief, as she sat pale, and keenly attentive to every want of the sufferer. Suddenly, Charlotte opened her eyes and clasped her hands. Then, turning her eyes toward her young mistress, she spoke in an almost inaudible whisper: "Miss Virginia! Miss Virginia! I ain't niver gwine leav' you no mo'!"

Her hands parted gently, and the smile that lighted up her face settled into an expression of that "peace which passeth all understanding."

CALIFORNIA PEASANTS AND PEASANT CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THE social life of Europe is better known to a large class of Americans than the social life of many portions of their own country. I have heard careful observers, earnest students of social and economic subjects, rebuked for using the terms "peasants," and "peasantry," in reference to the out-door laboring class in some of the more agricultural states. The ground of the objection appeared to be the feeling that no American farm laborer could be called a peasant; that the right to vote lifted him into the yeoman class, no matter whether he was renter or free-holder, and that the over-crowded communities of the old world had a monopoly of the term, and of the thing itself. But there are not only classes of laborers, such as Indians and Chinese, who have no vote; there are also large groups of laborers coming from the more marked peasantry stock of Europe, who retain many of their characteristics, care little for the elective franchise,

and lead much the same lives here as their ancestors did elsewhere. If they were ever peasants, they are peasants still. Lastly, it may be claimed with fairness that a peasantry class is being created in many parts of the country by a number of causes; such as the exhaustion of government lands, and the increase of large corporate enterprises.

We cannot deceive ourselves with a phrase. The cottager, the small peasant farmer, the peasant renter, the "crofter," closely attached to a particular piece of land—these and all other types of the great peasantry class of Europe are with us in homely reality. Nevertheless, there are great differences in the conditions of social life in different parts of the country, and the types of peasantry now becoming fixed will differ widely from each other. The best type, mentally, morally and physically, here as in Europe, will doubtless be the type created by the demands and opportunities of horticulture.



A Mission Peasant, Santa Barbara.

Leaving the general subject of the American peasant—too large a subject for a single magazine paper—let us consider the nature and surroundings of the peasant horticulturist, and, to limit ourselves yet more closely, let the chosen type be Californian. Even here the field is more than ample, so varied are the elements, so strong the forces that mold the laborer, year after year, into more complete acceptance of his condition.

California is developing the peasantry type, because there is little manufacturing done; the soil is rich, the climate is mild, and a living is quite easily obtained. Any man who owns one or two acres of land can produce a large part of the food of his family from this plot of ground; a wooden shed will serve for shelter, and there is a steady demand for whatever spare labor he may choose to sell to his richer neighbor. Besides, over a large part of California, the leading industries are gardening, fruit-growing, and, in brief, the industries of Southern Europe. Such a class is greatly to be desired in California. The planting of available orchard lands cannot go on much further without the certainty of obtaining laborers. Contract labor, homeless during the

dull season, becomes a menace to the higher interests of the State. Even the man who owns fifteen or twenty acres of orchard must hire several men in summer; the large orchardists sometimes need hundreds. Unless the present system of land ownership is changed, nothing can help California, except the gradual rise of the villager and of the farm peasant so well known in Europe.

It has often seemed to me that a glimpse of some of the happy, unambitious groups of California laborers that are even now becoming peasantry types, must prove an attractive topic to the general reader. Here in visible process of formation are the small land-proprietor classes, such as Italy, Spain, France and Portugal have, with perhaps some elements distinctively Californian. Here, as in Europe, the children of the peasant are often more interesting than the peasant himself. In the children one sees the dormant possibilities of the class under consideration. An ambitious American family, reduced temporarily to the rank of laborer, is certain to attempt to struggle out of it in the next generation; the genuine peasant stock feels perfectly at home there, and only a small percentage of the



Rancho Chico Indians.

children have the desire or the ability to change their positions in life.

When California came into the Union, most of the laborers consisted of Indian peons, who had been the servants and converts of the missions. There were also a few low-class Mexicans in the employ of certain wealthy Spanish families. Ruin overtook the owners of great estates, and many of their descendants, according to the inevitable law of conquest, have sunk to the rank of laborers; Indians and Spaniards are often to be seen working together in the same field. *Alessandro*, the hero of Mrs. Jackson's "*Romona*," toiled in the sheep shearing, not only with other Indians but with the Mexicans. On hundreds of ranches in the San Joaquin and the more remote hill country of the State, one still finds great, broad-chested Indians, landless, for the laws do not permit them to hold any land, but in all other respects real and acceptable peasants. They labor in the vineyards and orchards in some districts, and harvest the wheat, following on moonlight nights after the reaper to bind the sheaves. They live in houses of their own, some mere "*ranch-*

erias," slightly better than the huts the tribes built half a century ago; others well constructed, with wooden floors, brick chimneys, glass windows, beds to sleep in, and cook stoves in the kitchens. The houses of the Rancho Chico Indians, who work in the fields in all that region and are most excellent laborers, have houses that, in appearance and cleanliness, would do credit to any peasantry in the world. But these Indians, unlike the Mexicans and Spaniards, cannot own the sites of their cottages; they are merely pensioners upon some generous land owner—in the case of the Chico Indians, their protector is General Bidwell.

The Indian children at Rancho Chico are well-behaved and pleasant to look upon. Some of them, indeed, can be called handsome, and the small ones are very bright and amusing. They have a school where they are taught to read and write English; they go to Sunday school, and sing hymns with as much delight as Negro children could show. When a photographer went with me to the village, all the children ran to call their mothers and

have their pictures taken. The men were in the field, but there was no trouble at all in making every one understand what was wanted; in fact, nearly all could speak English, and they chattered along like magpies, while the photographer was at work. One woman asked us to look at her house, for, as she said, it was new, and she was evidently very proud of it. She had cheap pictures from illustrated weeklies on the walls, a sewing machine, tables and chairs, and several books in the parlor. There were four rooms in the house, all neatly kept. Any American laborer might have been contented in such a neat and pretty house. At the door were nasturtiums in a round bed edged with bricks. The shed was full of oak wood. Other cottages, though less complete, were still comfortable, and every inhabitant of the village seemed well and cheerful.

One of the elements of the ancient peasantry, that of feudalism, was par-

ticularly manifest here. Mrs. Bidwell and the general seem to every one of the Indians their hereditary rulers. The chief whom they elect is no less obedient, no less anxious to please the Bidwells. It is understood that the acorns in the oak forest, the carp and sturgeon in the Sacramento river, and the windfalls in the apple orchard belong to the Indian village. There came a great rain storm in harvest time, an unusual event in that region, and beat down the wheat fields. Instantly, the Indian women went out to gather the fallen grain; towards which they had never before cast as much as a covetous glance. It was with difficulty that they were made to understand that as long as machinery could save the fallen grain their hereditary privileges did not extend over immense wheat fields. In any case of sickness or inability to obtain work, they always feel that they have a claim upon the famous *rancho* where they were born, and where they expect to die.



Portuguese Peasant Family, California.



Spanish Types—Southern California.

The close union of the Chico Indians with the soil is a very significant fact. If the remnants of the mission and other Indians now drifting about the State in a sort of nomadic way, meeting for the most part with careless or positively evil treatment, could be given the same "fair chance" that the Chico Indians have had, they, also, would become safe and helpful laborers, hereditary villagers, peasants of a simple, homely sort. What the Indian family needs, to secure its future, is the private ownership of land, perhaps so secured for some years that it could neither be sold nor mortgaged. A very few acres, if of good quality, would be sufficient. Indian men and women already work in the hop-yards, bean fields, orchards, gardens and

vineyards. If they owned their own little cottages, the permanent prosperity of this humble class of laborers would be secured. It is more than probable that if this step were taken their children would be as fit to exercise the elective franchise as are many of our present citizens.

The "greaser" of California is much better than the New Mexican "greaser." Men of good family, whose fathers at the conquest lost leagues of cattle ranges, are to-day laborers in garden and vineyard, or *vaqueros* on the large ranches. The Spanish peasant of California hates the word "greaser," and thrusts out a bitter glance from under his slouched hat upon the careless American who uses it. He has lordly traditions, and a still magnificent carriage. He prefers to live in the old adobe, the home of the Spanish pioneers; if he builds a hut, it is earthen-floored and earthen-walled, though he has found that planks make a better roof than the red clay

tiles of old. His daughters are beautiful, with the dark eyes and graceful ways of the race, and they slip into the great bustling towns for their purchases when they have a stray piece of silver, with the air of the proud señoras of a century ago. His boys can be seen lassoing the dogs and cats with bits of string, before they are ten years old; at sixteen they will be full-fledged *vaqueros*, or sheep shearers, or herders in the remote valleys. The garden that he plants is full of melons, beans and red pepper. The women like a few Castilian roses by the door, and if the adobe be their own, a long trellis of grape vines and a fig tree will be planted.

Unlike the poor Indian, the Spanish peasant can own his land if he choose.

There is no law in the way. Generally he is too poor and improvident while the temptation of gambling seems to appeal to him with peculiar force. If not, and there are many exceptions, he is a true, stolid field worker. There are no more abstemious, faithful and satisfactory laborers anywhere than some of the descendants of the first settlers of California. Those who have been employed in field, garden and orchard work, instead of the cattle industries, are the safer sort. If silk growing is ever to be a success in California, it will be when a class of Spanish peasants take it up for the home employment of the women and children.

The roving Indians have been conquered and forced into mission servitude, or were gradually subjected by the American occupation of the land. The Spanish peasantry came from the violent destruction of the whole colonial system, the conquest and the gold discovery. But a third and far more numerous class of peasants came more directly from peasant ancestry, and are only developing and enlarging their field of operation here. The Portuguese of the Azores is naturally a stubborn, dull, ignorant serf, not without capacities, but stupefied by generations of poverty and bad government. He discovered, however, that California suited his needs, gave him a chance, offered high wages, rich lands and small farms. He came by thousands; he is coming still, and his children form a majority in many of the district schools of the best valleys of the State. There are hundreds of well-to-do Portuguese farmers in Alameda, Santa Clara, Sonoma, Santa Cruz and Monterey, but few of them own more than forty acres, and as they all have large families, the era of very small holdings is at hand. Even now many of them own but two or three acres. Their children are brought up to work, and all of them prefer small wages at home to larger wages at a distance. They rent "on shares;" they learn trades; they adopt many occupations, but always with the peasant spirit. It is instructive to observe their limitations in their economic operations; they develop garden work. By and by they will



Yeomanry of the San Joaquin Valley.

no great capitalists, speculators, merchants, professional men or leaders of any sort; they merely plod along, and hold with deathless grip to their few acres. Few of them try to handle orchards; their natural line

terrace the California hills for olives and grapes. Men and women work in the fields together, and the smallest child has his task to perform. In a generation more, the social life in some of the richest valleys in California will be strongly modified by the Portuguese element. Indeed, it is affected now: for there are whole districts where almost the entire laboring class consists of men who go home at night to their own small cottages—true peasant proprietors, similar in habits, religion and ambitions with the small peasant land owners of France.

There has been steady improvement in the Portuguese since they began to settle in California. They have the making of a sturdy yeomanry, and they realize the enormous gain in their opportunities here, as compared with the Azores. They send for their friends and relatives, and help each other to buy small tracts of land. A few olive trees and grape vines are among the first things planted. As they become able to spare the ground, a small space is set apart for brilliant hollyhocks, marigolds and other flowers of the types that peasant gardens display. A few of them, however, begin to take kindly to the finer classes of flowers, and show great skill in their cultivation.

A very small part of the Portuguese element in California lays claim to birth in old Portugal, though such a nativity is considered more honorable than birth in any of the Portuguese colonies, many of which were originally only convict settlements. Some are from Brazil, East Africa, the Madeiras or the Canaries, but the Azores group is acknowledged by themselves to furnish the largest and most representative class. Their characteristic vices, which are much the same as those of the Negroes of the South, are the result of ages of depressed

social life. The best men among them, while deploring these vices, say that "people never had any chance at the Islands," and point to the undoubted progress of the race since settling in California. Artists are beginning to use the lavish wealth of material in



American Settler; Small Land-holder.

the Italian and Portuguese element of the California population. The latter seem to belong especially to the fruit-growing districts, while the former settle near the sea as fishermen or in the towns as small traders. There are Italian fisher villages around such bays as San Francisco and Tomales, where one can see at sunrise the peasant girls on the beach digging for bait and the peasant boys rowing out to the fishing grounds. There are Italian colonies engaged in wine

making, olive growing and similar industries.

Everywhere, in both Italian and Portuguese types, the artist is continually reminded of Southern Europe. The improvement in the physical beauty of the children of the Portuguese and Italians, who came here harsh, ill-favored and half-starved, is one of the most striking facts connected with their immigration. Once more the finer types of the higher classes of the glowing South of Europe begin to appear under the mild skies and generous abundance of California. Lovely dark-eyed children, girls that might serve as models for painter and sculptor, tall and strong young men, live in the peasant cottages of the Portuguese settlers of Alameda, and the Italian vine-dressers of the Sierra foothills. Everything goes to show that both races have found a fit environment, and that they are here to stay. Slowly, against all enmity and repression, the dull, thrifty Portuguese will become a power; here and there at long intervals one will represent his race in art, literature or politics. They are becoming American citizens, and, like the peasantry of France, they represent conservatism.

If their rate of increase long continues as rapid as it has been for the last thirty years, some of the best portions of California may be as much under their rule as the province of Quebec is under the rule of the French. Still, there is nothing in their history here to extend their limitations beyond the rank of peasant and yeoman. The old world's training will dominate their lives for ages to come. The mass of the Italians cling so much more closely to the cities that they have much less influence on the country at large.

If the Chinese had been welcomed and encouraged to buy land, they would add another class of peasant laborers. They still continue to furnish the bulk of the laborers in some districts. Along the willow lands of the Sacramento are colonies of Chinese engaged in wood-cutting and vegetable growing. Many fruit-raisers prefer them to any other class of workmen. Chinese children are rarely seen outside San Francisco. There is no prouder father on earth, however, than a Chinaman with his little boy resplendent in red and yellow, trotting gravely at his side. One cannot but feel attracted by

the picture. The Chinese fishing camps on the coast sometimes contain children who are more clearly of the peasant type—little bare-headed urchins who run to shelter, like frightened rabbits, at the step of a stranger. The Chinese of the old mining camps, who have been many years in California, seem more settled with their little gardens and orchards than in any other part of the State.

Japanese labor is now being used by many farmers, and Japanese families have recently become quite a common sight. There is opposition to their coming here, but they form an admirable peasantry, and their gardening is something very wonderful. They seldom



Chinese Shell Seller, California.

successful in business in competition with Americans, but they take naturally to a large range of outdoor occupations that are not liked by the Chinese. They wish to become voters, while the Chinese have no such desire. If allowed to come, and protected from violence, Japanese peasants will soon introduce a decidedly new and picturesque element into California social life. Students from the better classes are already in nearly all our colleges and universities; but it is as growers of flowers, bulbs and seeds, and in the close cultivation of very small plots of ground that the Japanese peasant excels. If not interfered with, he will soon be here in as great number as the Portuguese.

But what, one may ask, becomes of the American? Is there in California a peasant class of American descent, and if so, is it grouped with Indian, Mexican, Portuguese, and the rest? Every race of people necessarily produces some peasants; homely, uneducated, but indispensable, the peasant is the corner-stone of agricultural existence, and no single race has a monopoly of the type. Many an unambitious American settles down on a few acres, and "works out" to increase his earnings, becoming, in effect a peasant proprietor. There are instances in every township of the State. The children have little schooling, and generally work with laborers of other

racés, on the adjacent ranches. The next step higher, which marks a great change, consists in the ownership of enough land to employ the whole family. Still more land enables the owner to utilize some outside labor, and so our peasant becomes the self-sustaining farmer.

The ambitious American farm laborer finds his opportunity in California, where new outdoor industries are constantly springing up. Thousands of men of great wealth began at the bottom, and thousands of others, now working in mines or vineyards, are following the same track. The better class of foreigners are also of the same sort; they settle down into occupations that in time make each one employers of men. Here is the rising middle class that will need the labor of many times the number of peasants now in California. These are they who are establishing fruit colonies, dairy ranches, lumber camps, and mining settlements in the desert. They press against the immense ranches, sad heritage of Spanish days, until one after another the owners find it profitable to subdivide and sell. American pioneers and the children of the overworked peasantry of Europe pass in together upon the ancient cattle ranges and fulfill their respective destinies, though striving to satisfy present creature wants, yet laboring together in the upbuilding of the State.



THE DEATH OF THE FIRST BORN.

BY F. P. KOPTA.

I WAS sitting in our little room, nursing my month-old son, and thinking sadly what I would do to support not only myself and child but my old mother, now that my husband was dead. He had been a mason, and was killed by falling from a high scaffolding, and the few florins we had been able to save for a rainy day had all gone in the funeral. It was a dismal outlook, as there was not much work to be had, and even that was very badly paid, and then it would soon be winter; and who would go into the forest and bring home faggots? Sadly the tears trickled down and fell on the unconscious child tied up in his feather bed; while the autumn sunshine shone brightly on the flowers in the window, and I could hear my old mother's knitting needles rattle, as sitting on our door step in the sun, she knitted the coarse, white woolen stockings for the neighbors.

But my meditations came to an abrupt end. Some one was talking with my mother, quickly, eagerly, and I could hear her say, "Yes, yes, merciful doctor. Surely, you are right; she will be thankful."

The door opened with a rattle, and the doctor from Vorlik came in, followed by my mother, all in a tremble.

"Maria," she said, "the merciful doctor has come all the way from Vorlik. He wishes you to go with him at once as nurse to the young count, who is a few days old. You will be well paid, Maria, and I will take good care of Jan. See how the Lord and Blessed Virgin have provided for us."

"I was so astonished at first I could say nothing, but hugged my child closer to my breast; he was all I had, and I must leave him."

Perhaps the doctor read my thoughts (he had known me from a child), for he said, very gently: "Yes, Maria, what your mother says is true. By going as nurse to the young count

you can provide for your child better than if you staid at home. Now there is hardly any work to be had, and your mother, who brought up ten children of her own, will take care of the little lad. Oh, and what a fine child! He would make two of the young count. Come, be brave. Dress yourself, my girl, and take a few of your best things in a bundle, and come as quick as you can to the inn. My carriage is waiting there, and I will drive you at once to the castle."

He went away, and mechanically I dressed myself and made up my bundle. I was in the habit of obeying; it never entered my mind to resist. Then, what else could I do? My poor mother was so pleased. "See," she said, "what it is to stand well with the gentry. Why, another girl would give her eyes to go as nurse to the young count. You will not only live in clover yourself, but you will be well paid; and then the presents! Oh, yes, I will take good care of Jan, never fear; and if the merciful lady allows it, I will bring him over to see you often. Only see, Maria, that you please the merciful lady. Be humble, be obedient, pray to the Virgin and the saints, and the Lord be with you."

It was quite a long drive, about five miles, to where the lordly castle of Vorlik stands frowning down upon the valley and high road that leads to Zoikov. On the way the doctor told me that the child was puny and weak. He had doubted at first that it would live.

"I do not know how it will all turn out," he said, shaking his head.

"These aristocrats have no strength.

What would not matter to another is

death to them. Try and please the

merciful lady in all things, Maria.

Such noble ladies have their whims

and notions, but one must put up with

them if one wishes to live in peace;

and then if she takes a fancy to you,

she will give you handsome presents.

So, be a good girl, and take good care of the young Count Egon."

At the door of the castle the housekeeper came to meet us. "Thank the Lord that you are here!" she said. "My lady is feverish, and the young Count Egon whimpers, do what we will. You look like a good, strong girl. Come, have some dinner while the doctor goes to my lady, and then you can nurse the young count."

I followed her to the kitchen, and ate such a dinner as we never had even on the highest holidays, and then they took me to my lady.

She was lying in bed, in a splendid bed. I see it all before me even now, the white pillows with their deep embroidery, the dark blue quilted satin coverlet, and the pale young face, with the dark burning eyes that seemed to see one through and through. Her long black hair had been braided in two long plaits, and lay on either side of her head. But what struck me most was the look of profound sadness on the handsome young face. I had thought all merciful ladies were happy.

The doctor was sitting by her bed, and a middle-aged woman, that I afterward found was a nurse, was walking about with the young count.

"Merciful lady, this is the nurse Maria. I think your ladyship will be pleased with her. She is perfectly healthy and strong, as you see," said the doctor, as I came up to the bed to kiss the merciful lady's hand.

She looked at me with those burning eyes of hers, and said, "Yes, she looks healthy. A widow, I believe. She is very young to be a widow."

I went and took the young count. His feather bed was trimmed with deep lace, and bows of blue ribbon made him look very pretty; but the little face inside the lace cap had a wizened, yellow look, and the dark eyes seemed dim. I sat down on a chair, and put him to my breast. The merciful lady never took her eyes from us; and when the doctor left, she called me to her bedside, and said "Now that my little son is quiet, tell me something of yourself. I am so tired of lying here."

"Merciful lady," I said, "how willingly would I tell you anything that might interest you. But what happens to the like of me?"

"And what happens to us, do you think? Have you not lived, and loved and married a poor man, no doubt? But still you were once lovers. Have you not had a child and lost a husband? Begin from the beginning, and tell me everything you can think of. I am weary of lying here."

Her will was my law, and I told her as best I could, how we were ten children; how the biggest took care of the little ones till they went to service, some as geese boys at six, some a little older as cow boys, the girls as nurses to peasant women who worked all day in the fields. I told her of my father's death, and of my first communion, and how my white dress was made of an old petticoat that one of my sisters had received from her merciful lady. I told her of the long days in the dark forests, when I carried all our faggots on my back; of the time when I was so lucky as to go to service not far from the "Holy Mountain" in Pribram, where the blessed Virgin had appeared, and how my merciful lady had allowed me once to go and see all these wonders. How with my own eyes, I had seen the silver hearts, legs and hands of those who had been cured. I told her of my courtship, of our marriage, the birth of my little child, and how when baby was a week old, they had brought home my husband's lifeless body. I described my old mother, who could do nothing to earn her bread but knit stockings and take care of babies for the peasants. I told her everything I could think of, while she looked at me with those dark, sad eyes, but said nothing.

At length, the chambermaid came, with the merciful lady's tea on a tray, and the other nurse took the little count, and I went down in the kitchen for my supper.

The housekeeper, a chatty, elderly woman, asked how my lady and the young count were; and when I told her that I thought my lady looked too pale and sad, and the little count whim-

pered much more than my boy, do what I would, she said: "We are all afraid my lady will not live. Even the doctor has his doubts, good man; he told me as much to-day as he drove away. 'Too much weakness,' he said. But as to the little boy, such whimpering children often outlive healthy ones. Your boy is only a peasant pumpkin, but this is a young count; he must be pampered from his cradle."

I finished my supper, and went back to my lady's room to nurse the young count. "Maria," said the chambermaid, opening a door that opened in my lady's room, "this is the nursery. In the daytime, you can be with my lady if she wishes; but at night you must sleep here, as the doctor has ordered she should be quiet."

Annie lit the wax night light, and I saw that it was rather a large room that she had led me to, and had probably been a dressing room before the young count had been born. An iron bed, such as servants sleep in, stood in one corner, and by it a beautiful cradle, with blue satin curtains, and on a bracket above a silver crucifix.

"The young count is always to sleep in the cradle," said Annie; "no matter what happens you are never to take him in your bed to sleep. The merciful count was most explicit; he said dozens of children were crushed and smothered to death every year by their mothers and nurses rolling over them. It might cost you your situation if any one saw him in your bed."

"And where do you sleep, Annie?" I asked, a vague fear coming over me, that perhaps I might fall asleep and let the young count cry.

"Just now, while my lady is ill, I sleep on the sofa in her room; but as a general thing, I sleep in the housekeeper's chamber."

"If the young count should cry, and I did not hear him, you will wake me, will you not, Annie?"

"My dear," said Annie, "put the idea of sleeping out of your head, for he whimpers all night. Be thankful if he lets you sleep for half an hour at a time."

"Ah, me!" I thought, "how will I manage to keep awake?" and I sat down sadly on a low stool, with the young count on my lap.

How long I sat there I do not know; but I awoke suddenly to hear my lady call, "Annie! Annie!"

I opened the door that led to her room, and said: "Merciful lady, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," she said, "give me to drink. Annie sleeps so sound I cannot wake her."

I poured some water into a glass, and, putting my arms under the pillows, raised her head so that she could drink. Her face was flushed, and her eyes seemed on fire. "Where is my son?" she asked.

"He is in the next room, my lady. Shall I bring him to you?"

"Yes," she said, "bring him."

I brought the little count to her bedside, and held him so that she might kiss the little wizened face. She looked a long time at him. "Will he live, do you think?" she asked, suddenly.

"Why should he not live, my lady?" I said. "The Blessed Virgin protect him!" and I made the sign of the cross over his face.

"If I am going to die, and I feel somehow that I am going to die," she said, wildly, "better that he should go with me. I, too, was an orphan; I know how it is. Better to die with me than to be worried to death by a step-mother, as I was worried. Ah, better, much better, that he should go with me!"

"My lady," I said, horrified, "why talk of dying? In a few days you will be better—quite well again."

"Perhaps, perhaps," she said, wearily. "But go to bed now, Maria. See, Annie is snoring. Oh, how I wish I could sleep!"

Next day the doctor shook his head, and waited to speak to the count before he went home, and two Sisters of Charity came from Prague to attend to my lady, and there was a strange stillness throughout the house. My master, the count, a handsome young man of about twenty-six, often came and sat

for hours by my lady, his hand in hers. For the most part she seemed sleepy, but every now and then she would ask for her son, so that I sat most of the time not far from the bed. At night fever came, and she would call wildly, "If I must die, O Lord, let the child go with me!" It lasted a week; then my lady fell asleep and never awoke again in this world.

On the last night before the funeral, I had just been down in the great hall, where my lady lay in state. The magnificent coffin rested on a black, velvet-draped bier in the middle of the room; a gold crucifix stood at the head, and silver candle-sticks with wax candles were burning all around her. She was dressed in her wedding gown of white satin, with the myrtle wreath in her hair. Very beautiful she looked, and peaceful, much more peaceful than I had ever seen her look in life. The count knelt on her right with the pfarrer and caplan on either side, the Sisters of Charity on the left, and in the back-ground were the servants and most of the peasants, all responding to the litany for the dead that the pfarrer was reciting. I also knelt and prayed for the good of my lady's soul, and then went up to nurse my little count. It seemed to me that he, too, had grown more quiet, poor little motherless fellow, and whimpered less.

I was sitting on the same low stool, where I had sat the first night I came to the castle, the young count on my lap, and the wax night-light burning on the table beside me. The little count was asleep, and I suppose I must have been dozing, when suddenly I awoke. Why I awoke, I do not know; a strange feeling of fear came over me. Stupidly I stared at the closed door that led to my lady's room, expecting, expecting—what?

To my horrified gaze the door swung open, and my lady came in. I knew it was my lady, though it was quite another face than the one I had known—than the one that lay on the white satin pillow below—that looked at me now. She was dressed in something gray; I do not know what, as I could not keep my eyes off her face—the

pale, young face with the dark, sad eyes, as on earth; but with such a different look, and yet not quite a happy look, not such an expression as one would suppose a glorified spirit to have. She crossed the room and stood beside me, looking sadly at her child. Then all at once she disappeared, and I was alone. Cold sweat was standing on my forehead; I shivered with fear. What had I seen?

How long I sat there, I do not know; at length Annie came up. She had been crying till her eyes were swollen and red, for my lady had been a kind mistress and was greatly beloved. I told Annie what I had seen, but she wearily said, "It was only a dream, Maria. Leave me the little count, and go down and get your supper. Ah, you poor lamb!" and she began to cry again.

I went down stairs. I knew it had been no dream, and my knees quaked under me as I entered the housekeeper's room. "What is the matter?" she said, "you are white as a sheet."

I told her what I had seen, but she, too, said, "O child, it is only a dream. Still I have heard one should touch the dead or they will haunt one. When you have finished your supper, we will go once more and look at my lady; and do you touch her."

I could not eat, but I pretended I had, and we went together into the hall. The count, the pfarrer and caplan, with the two sisters were still praying, but the others had retired. I went up and stood close to the coffin, and gazed earnestly at the still features. They were the same, and yet not the same that I had seen.

"The Lord and the Blessed Virgin, give you peace," I prayed, and stooped and kissed one of the folded white hands, half hid in flowers that held the rosary. The housekeeper crossed herself, and we departed.

Next day I saw the long train leave the castle. I watched them through the park, and winding down the highway. Was it a dream? Did I really see my lady? Or was it a dreadful nightmare? Ah, well! they all tell

me it was. I am beginning to believe it myself; perhaps it was. Last night I slept in peace. Maybe it was that Annie slept with me. The count told her some one must sleep with me, so that if I slept too hard and the child cried they could wake me. The merciful count comes every day and twice a day, to look at the young count now. He is a very handsome young man, and wealthy; all the servants say he will not be a widower long. Ah, me! Perhaps my poor lady was right. Who knows what kind of a step-mother her poor child may get?

It is terrible! Oh, it is horrible! But I have seen my lady again. Not once, but three nights running. If this is to go on, I shall go mad. She comes and looks at her son every night.

Sometimes she stands by his cradle, sometimes by me, if I am holding him. She says nothing, but looks at him awhile and then vanishes. And the worst of it is that no one believes me. When I told the housekeeper, she told me to hold my tongue or people would say I was mad, or worse I would lose my situation. Annie sleeps and sees nothing; when I tell her, she only laughs at me. She told me I should speak to my lady and ask her what she wishes, but I am always so horrified that I cannot speak.

I cannot stand this any longer. When my hour comes for walking in the park, I will go to the pfarrer and take some money with me, and have masses said for the good of my lady's soul. Perhaps, then, she will cease to haunt me.

When I came to his reverence he was sitting in his library. "Why, Maria, is it you?" he said. "And how is it with the young count?"

"He is as usual, your reverence," I answered; "and here are three silver florins for three masses for my lady's soul."

I put the money on the table with a sigh. How many things I could have bought with them! Perhaps the pfar-

rer read my thoughts, for he asked, "Who wishes the masses read, Maria?"

"I, your reverence."

"And why?" he asked.

"Why?" he repeated.

I stood quaking before him. "Your reverence," I said, "my lady haunts me," and I burst into tears.

I do not know how, but I told him everything; that I believed my lady wished, and perhaps would take, her son with her. He was an old man, and his eyes never left my face till I had finished; then there was a silence of some minutes before he spoke.

"If I had not baptized, confirmed and married you, Maria, I would say either that you were lying or had seen some hallucination. As it is, child, you are not well, perhaps, and have imagined all this."

"Reverend father, by the Holy Virgin! by the blessed crucifix! I am speaking the truth."

"You believe you are speaking the truth, I am sure, Maria; but, my child, why should the merciful lady come back? She died in her youth, innocent, unpolluted by the world. What sins could a girl of nineteen have? Then, she confessed before she died, and received all the sacraments of the church. Oh, no; it cannot be! She is with the Blessed Virgin.* All who die in childbirth go to the bosom of the Blessed Mother, you know. She is happy in Heaven."

"Reverend father, she was all that you say, and much more. I have heard of her goodness, her charity; but all the same she died with but one thought, and that was to take her child with her. You shall see, reverend father, the little Count Egon will not live long. I see her as distinctly as I see you now. In Heaven, or wherever she may be, she has but one desire, and that is to have her child. Please, your reverence, read the masses for her soul; perhaps then she may find peace."

* It was a mediaeval superstition and is still believed in Bohemia, that women dying in child-birth do not enter purgatory, but are carried straight into the bosom of the Mother of God.

The pfarrer had been walking up and down the room with his hands behind him; now he took up the three florins and handed them back. "Take them," he said. "I will read not three, but many masses for the countess' soul; and you, Maria, do you also pray."

"My father," I said, "I cannot take back the money. I vowed it to a holy purpose. If your reverence will not take it, let it be given to the poor."

"Put it into the poor box, Maria—the box in the church. To-morrow, or after to-morrow, I will see you at the castle. Till then, good by, and pray. Pray to the Virgin to deliver you from such visions; for, of course, it is only a vision, Maria."

I did as the pfarrer told me. I prayed and prayed, either that my lady's soul might find rest, or that I might be delivered from these visions; but even while I counted my rosary with the young count on my lap, my lady entered. No, this could be no vision; she stood so close, I could have touched her with my hand.

To-day when my lord, the count, came into the nursery, he looked strangely at me, and said, "What is this nonsense that I hear, Maria? You believe you have seen my lady?"

I did not know what to answer, and stood stupidly by my little count's cradle, who does not whimper now, but sleeps; sleeps all the time, so that he will hardly drink; sleeps with his little dark eyes half open. I was sure my lord had come to discharge me. What should I say?

"Tell me," he said again. "Do you really believe you saw her? Tell me all about it, Maria. Of course, it was a dream."

I told him brokenly, no doubt, for I was crying. "My lord, it was no dream; it was no vision; I saw my lady."

The count was very quiet; he did not laugh at me, as the servants had. He was not even stern as the pfarrer had been. He only said, "His reverence and I will watch with you to-night; and if there is anything to see,

we will see it, and if not—well, no harm will have been done."

The evening came, and I sat on my stool as usual, with the young count on my lap. My lord and his reverence sat some little way behind me, by a small table where two wax candles were burning, so that the room was well lighted. The count had insisted upon leaving open the door leading from my room to my lady's chamber, so that we could see the bed she had died upon and the door that led into her sitting room. Since her death the doors had been always closed.

We sat a long time. I think I must have dozed a little; when all of a sudden I began to feel that strange feeling of horror which heralded my lady's coming. I turned my head to the merciful gentlemen, but something in the pfarrer's face told me he also felt the spell. Hardly had I turned my eyes towards the darkened room where my lady had died, and which was now flooded with moonshine, when I saw the door that opened into her sitting room swing open, and she entered. My lady did not hurry; calmly, slowly, she crossed the large room, and entered mine. She was not in gray this time, but in something white and shining like satin. I had never before seen her look so beautiful and happy. She stood a moment by me, not seeming to notice the count or the pfarrer; and then, to my horror, she stretched out both her hands as though to take her son out of my arms. Horrified, I clasped the child to my breast, and in the same moment heard the count call out, "Louisa!" and saw him with both arms trying to clasp the empty air where my lady had stood. The next moment he fell senseless, with his face to the floor.

I could not move. I saw the pfarrer, with a white face, dash cold water over the count's head, till he recovered. After awhile I got up, and pulled the pfarrer a little aside. "The child is dead," I whispered; "his mother has taken him." The pfarrer said nothing. He crossed himself and the child, took him out of my arms and laid him softly

upon his little feather bed on the table, and, putting the silver crucifix at his head and the wax candles around, knelt and began to pray silently.

The count who had been sitting like one dazed, watched all this stupidly ; then he arose, went to the table, and looked down at the little face, so like his wife's. The muscles of his face twitched dreadfully, and he burst out into hysterical sobbing.

"My lord," said the pfarrer, leading him to a chair, "your son is an angel. The Lord gave and the Lord has taken ; blessed be the name of the Lord." It was useless to try to comfort the weeping father, and his reverence returned to his praying. I also knelt and told my rosary till the dull autumn day began to dawn. Then I arose, and said to his reverence, "I am of no use now ; I will go home to my mother."

Like a hunted creature, I ran until I entered the little room I had left, it seemed to me, an eternity ago. My mother was up making the soup, but little Jan lay in his cradle asleep. I

cannot remember now what I said. I had only one desire ; to lay my aching head on my pillow, which I did, and never lifted it again till weeks and weeks after ; for I had brain fever, they told me.

The count, also, was taken very ill the same day, I heard ; and for years after he traveled in foreign lands. When he married some seven years after, he did not come to live at the old castle of his ancestors, but in the new castle near Prague. My mother told me the count had been very generous ; he had put a sum of money for me in bank, and had paid all the expenses of my illness.

Only once I asked the pfarrer a question, but he turned deadly pale, and putting his finger to his lips said : "All that passed that terrible night, Maria, must remain a secret forever."

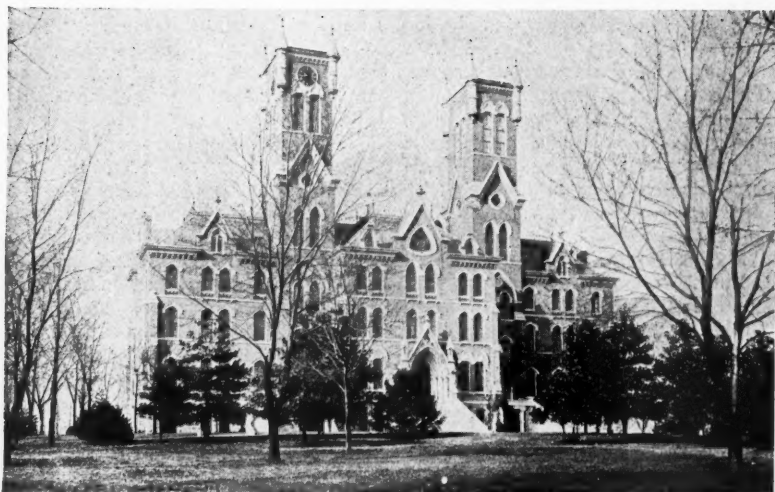
Now that my lord lives far away, and the pfarrer is dead, I feel no scruple to tell the story. It was the first and last ghost I ever saw, and I pray God, neither I nor any one else may see another.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY JEANIE SCOTT.

WHEN the day is set in a frame of gold,
And color runs riot with musical sounds,
When the joys of the heart are easily told,
And happiness seemingly knows no bounds,
I want a friend.

But when twilight hour is framed in grey,
When shadows come creeping along life's wall ;
When the heart grows weary of stifling its pain,
And sadness wraps me about with its pall,
I need a friend.



University Hall.

STUDENT LIFE AT VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY.

BY W. B. NANCE.

EVERY college-bred man has in his heart a tender feeling for his *alma mater*. Whether that institution be one of national reputation or one of those obscure schools which, while they lack the facilities of their more pretentious sisters, cling all the more tenaciously to their own traditions and customs, the feeling is the same. John Smith, A. B., of Jones College, is sure that there is not a worthier institution in the land. Go to any place where students from various colleges come together, and the poorest of them all has its professor who is "given up to be the best" mathematician, or chemist, or linguist in that whole section of the country; another's athletic record is the "best in the State;" another yields the palm to none in oratory—in fact, whether he can tell just why or not, every college man is fully persuaded that, all things considered, his college is to be preferred above all others.

And, after we have made due allowance for the mere contagion of fashion, which accounts, of course, for much of the show of loyalty, there is still in

every student a genuine affection for the scene of his early victories and defeats, his warmest friendships, his hours of sorest trial and most unalloyed enjoyment.

If we seek for the causes that make the four years in college the most memorable in one's life, I think we must agree that the bare curriculum is by no means the most potent. The mathematics, Greek and physics may have contributed to the intellectual fibre, but comparatively few men in after life remember anything about Calculus, except the annual cremation. The accessories of the curriculum, the college organizations, the peculiar customs, hallowed by age and tradition, are what make the college a little world to itself, and differentiate it from every other such world. There are certain customs which, like the general outlines of curricula, are pretty much the same at nearly all colleges, varied only in detail by local conditions. Such were the hazing and cane-rushes of former years, which still survive in some of the northern

colleges. Other customs are the peculiar property of individual institutions, such as the "Bachelor of Ugliness" election at Vanderbilt.

It is the purpose of this paper to give some account of the various elements that enter into the student life of Vanderbilt University, both those that exert their silent influence in the transformation of mind and character, and those more external and obvious phases to which the student loves to revert in after years. The picture must necessarily be incomplete, for it is one thing to see and feel; it is quite another to portray.

LINES OF POLICY.

The steady growth of Vanderbilt's reputation is due largely to its firm adherence to two or three lines of policy. One of these is seen in the early determination to make the university "an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." With this ideal in view, seven departments have been developed: academic, engineering, Biblical, pharmaceutical, law, medical, and dental. The first four are housed on the campus, the other three occupy two large buildings in the city. A wise management of

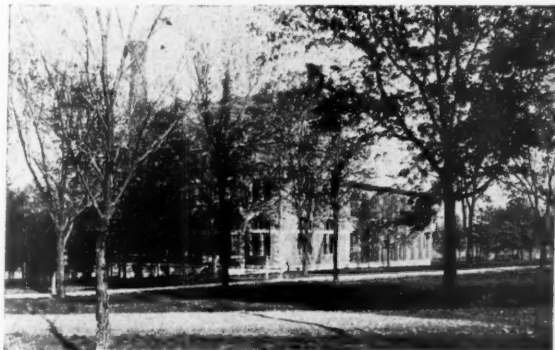


Observatory.

the funds of the university has made it possible to furnish these rapidly growing departments with the proper facilities for work; though, as remarked by our new chancellor in his inaugural address, the time has come when the need for further expansion imperatively demands an increase in the productive funds. The vigorous administration of affairs during his first year of office gives assurance that the needs will be met.

From the very beginning it has been the mission of Vanderbilt to set up a high standard for academic work. For ten years she was severely hampered by the lack of preparation on the part of matriculates, and it was absolutely necessary to maintain sub-college classes to do the work of preparatory schools. Gradually the situation changed, preparatory schools began to

spring up under the patronage of the university, and about six years ago the last vestige of the old sub-class system was swept away, and the entrance requirements were finally established on a basis equal to that of the very foremost of the eastern colleges. In the accomplishment of this happy result, the university owes much to the support of the well-known



Mechanical Hall.



Dr. James Hampton Kirkland, Chancellor of Vanderbilt University.

training school of the Messrs. Webb, now located at Bell Buckle, Tenn., which has furnished well-trained students from the beginning, and has been the model for several of the half-dozen other academies whose avowed aim is to prepare young men for Vanderbilt.

But while attention was being given to the development of high-grade collegiate instruction, it was not forgotten that the university of to-day, if it deserves the name, must not only do good college work and give technical and professional instruction, but must also furnish opportunity for more extended research and original investigation on non-professional lines. The establishment of a number of fellowships attracted college graduates from such institutions as the State universities of Virginia, North Caro-

lina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee; from representative institutions like Yale, Brown, the University of the City of New York, and Williams College, and from nearly all the prominent southern colleges. As a result of this graduate work, leading to the master and the doctor degrees, southern colleges are being supplied with well-trained professors, and thus the field of influence of the university is constantly widened. Graduate instruction is offered in all the schools of the academic department. The school of English, however, seems to be the most popular. Some twenty or more students are now engaged in the study of the "Revolutionary Period" of English literature. Every Saturday morning, a lecture is given by the professor, outlining work, giving references



West Side Row—"The Home of the People."

to the library, etc., and every Tuesday night the class meets in the parlors of Wesley Hall, where original papers are read by members of the Seminar, embodying the results of their investigations. Similar work is done in other schools, notably that of history and economics.

One feature in the government of the university deserves notice, before we pass to the more distinctively student enterprises. This is what is known as the "honor system," which, originating at the University of Virginia, was adopted in the very beginning at Vanderbilt, and has lately been introduced at Princeton. The student is given to understand at the commencement of his course that he is considered a gentleman and is expected to act accordingly. No spies are set to watch him during examinations, his pledge being taken as sufficient guarantee of his honesty. Abuses of this liberty are comparatively rare, and when they do occur, the offender is subjected to such summary expulsion, either by the students or the faculty, as effectually to deter others who might be tempted. The good results of this mutual respect can scarcely be overrated. To it is to be

attributed, in large measure, the high moral tone that has come to be the distinguishing trait of the student body; for trust begets trustworthiness.

STUDENT ENTERPRISES.

The Dialectic and Philosophic literary societies, perhaps the oldest student organizations, while they have always done a certain amount of good work, have never been the all-absorbing center that such societies are at smaller colleges. This is due largely to the multiplicity of other interests, notably to the fraternities, many of which, no doubt, furnish considerable literary culture in addition to their social features. The fraternity is a large factor in Vanderbilt student life. Discussions as to the expediency of such institutions will doubtless continue for a long time to come. From observation and experience the present writer thinks there is no voluntary organization in college fraught with greater possibilities for good or more liable to abuse. The leaders in all phases of college life are, as a rule, fraternity men, though there are notable exceptions. Indeed, all things considered, fraternity life approaches the ideal about as



Dr. W. M. Baskerville.

nearly in its twelve chapters at Vanderbilt, as anywhere else in the whole country, for the spirit of brotherhood has not as yet been superseded by that of the fast club. As yet only one chapter has a house of its own, viz., *Phi Delta Theta*, the first to be established here. Several others, however, are shaping their plans to that end.

A fraternity of larger membership has long flourished at Vanderbilt in the Young Men's Christian Association. Here "Greeks" and "Barbarians" meet on common ground, and in Bible classes, prayer-meetings, and other religious exercises seek that larger life which has to do with the unseen realities. Of late years the annual reception to new students, given by the Young Men's Christian Association, has become a regular feature of the opening week. Addresses of welcome by representatives of the faculty and students are responded to by a member of the incoming class; musical and elocutionary selections follow, after which refreshments are served while old and new students become acquainted. The presence of young ladies from several of the female colleges of the city usually adds to the attractiveness of the occasion.

Several of the departments have clubs for the promotion of their own peculiar interests. Among these may be mentioned the Engineering Club, which meets fortnightly, and the Wesley Hall Missionary Society of the Biblical department. Various other

organizations such as camera, bicycle, and chess clubs, State clubs, Webb's, Wall & Mooney's, and high school clubs, exist mainly on the pages of the "Comet."

College journalism is well developed. The "Vanderbilt Observer" is a fifty page monthly magazine published by the literary societies. If the testimony of exchanges is to be taken, it ranks well among the journals of its class. Perhaps its best work has been in the line of literary criticism and encouragement. One number each year is devoted to some special subject. Two years ago "Southern Literature" was the theme, with articles on the principal Southern writers. Last year "Contemporary Fiction" was treated. Formerly some difficulty was experienced in making the "Observer" a financial success, the business manager being the agent of the two societies with a stated salary. Since 1890, however, the business manager has assumed all liabilities, paying the societies a per cent. of the profits. This fund is set aside as prizes for articles to be published in the magazine. During the past three years, more than one hundred and fifty dollars have been paid to contestants.

While the "Observer" is primarily the organ of the literary societies, it is always the aim of the editors to make it representative of the university in general, and no student is excluded from competition for its prizes.

The "Hustler," a four-page weekly, the official organ of the Vanderbilt University Athletic Association, is now



Dr. Wm. L. Dudley.

in the sixth year of its existence. The "Hustler" originated during the session of 1888-89, as a private enterprise. Seven of the most talented men in college made it the liveliest journal we have ever had. But the freedom with which the paper "spoke out in meetin'" on certain matters, especially in criticism of the administration, brought the heavy hand of the authorities upon the head of the bustling urchin and he disappeared for a year, only to bob up again in the autumn of 1890. Upon the editors agreeing to certain requirements of the faculty, the paper

college life. In it are stored the gleanings from the events of the year. Every phase of student life finds representation, and the illustrations, records of athletic events, class poems, jokes, etc., will bring back in future years many an otherwise forgotten experience.

The "Comet," Vanderbilt's annual, is published by the fraternities, each chapter electing one of its members to represent it on the editorial staff. In the salutatory of the first board of editors (1887), occur these words: "In christening this annual the 'Comet,'



Vanderbilt Foot-Ball Team, 1894.

was allowed to continue its existence, but without its former sprightliness, till it was adopted by the Athletic Association and given a permanent place in university life. The tone and spirit of the "Hustler's" editorial page have been uniformly commendable; the petty flings so common in the heat of close contests on the diamond and gridiron have been conspicuously absent. The wonderful growth of athletics within the past few years is largely due to the existence of this organ.

The college annual, a development of late years, holds a unique place in

we pay a well-deserved compliment to our brilliant young astronomer, Professor E. E. Barnard, who has done so much to spread abroad the name and fame of Vanderbilt, and whose successful labor and unassuming merit have earned the respect and esteem of every student." The "Comet" has steadily improved from year to year, till in originality, completeness and mechanical execution, it compares favorably with the best. Among other features the latest issue contains excellent pictures of the principal members of the academic faculty, of all the academic



At the Pump.

classes, the fraternities, the base-ball and foot-ball teams and the musical clubs.

The journalistic habit, like the *ca-cothes scribeni* in general, seems to have gotten a permanent hold on erstwhile editors of Vanderbilt periodicals, resulting a year ago in the establishment of "Chat," a weekly journal devoted to Nashville "society" and all the various topics of interest to the members thereof. Within the past semester "The Nashville Student," a bi-weekly journal devoted to the interests of the students in the various institutions of Nashville, has made its appearance. Most of its editors have had experience on the "Observer" or "Hustler," and the enterprise bids fair to succeed.

But it is not by her beautiful campus, with its greenest of grass and most grateful shade, not by her excellent equipment of buildings and apparatus, not by the attainments of her students in scholarship, oratory or journalism, that Vanderbilt University is best known to the general public to-day; but by her victories on the athletic field. History goes the round of its circle, and after the long reign of the

midnight lamp and the sunken cheek, we have reverted to the old Greek idea of manly sports to furnish a sound body for the sound mind. All reactions are liable to go to extremes, however; hence the abuses of athletics, which have called forth the opposite extreme of condemnation that would abolish intercolle-

giate contests altogether. Vanderbilt has an enviable record of progressive conservatism in this respect. All inter-collegiate contests, as well as all preparation therefor, are under the direction of the Athletic Association, acting through its officers and executive committee. For a number of years the policy of this association has been shaped by its worthy president, Dr. Wm. L. Dudley. To him is due in large measure the success of the various teams, the possession by the students of an unsurpassed athletic field, and the firm establishment of athletics as an important element in Vanderbilt life.

For absorbing interest foot-ball easily takes the palm in athletics, largely, perhaps, because of its comparative newness, and also because it has sole title to the autumn days. The growth of interest



A Campus View.

in the game at Vanderbilt has been rapid and yet sound. The team of '91-'92 made a creditable beginning by winning three games out of four, with a score of fifty-eight to their opponents' twenty-eight. The following year, owing to the lightness of the team and the lack of systematic training, the record was four games out of eight, with a score of one hundred and fourteen to one hundred and six. In the fall of 1893, however, the success of the team was peculiarly gratifying, only one game out of seven being lost, and not a score made against the team on the home grounds: score, Vanderbilt, one hundred and eighty-one; opponents, fifty. The credit for this result was due in large measure to Captain Keller, who seems to have the faculty of inspiring his men with his own silent but exhaustless determination. At the beginning of the past season, practice was taken up with zeal and enthusiasm, and it was determined that Keller should have the best assistance in the way of coaching. This was procured in the services of Mr. Henry W. Thornton, who graduated with the class of '94, from the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Thornton had played four years on the Pennsylvania team, and was as thoroughly

competent as any available man in the country. His coming marked an era in foot-ball at Vanderbilt. In everything that pertains to the science of the game, he was fully equipped; and no man worked harder or more successfully to build up a team, and by example and precept instructed them in the science of the game. Every accessory in the way of training table, with strict diet, abstinence from all stimulants, regular hours, and hard and systematic practice was employed. The result was a team such as the Southwest had never before produced.

Of the individual members of the team much could be said. The two ends, Tuttle and Gaines, were the fastest and best men that Vanderbilt ever had in these positions. Their fierce tackling and ground gaining behind interference were the features of the season. Burch at left guard was a tower of strength. He and Kittrell at left tackle seldom failed to open up the line when called upon, and when given the ball, rarely failed to gain ground. The surprising work of Hughes at center deserves mention. Not naturally a fast man and laboring under many disadvantages, he yet clearly outplayed every center he opposed, and gave an example of what



Athletic Field, with Science Hall and Wesley Hall in the background.



Gymnasium.

hard work and devotion to the game will accomplish. Behind the line, Dortch and Boogher, the two halves, did fine work. In breaking the line and following interference, they surpassed anything that Vanderbilt had before produced. W. Phillips Connell at full back far outclassed other men playing his position in the Southwest, and his work compares favorably with that of the best full backs in the country. Fifty-five yard and sixty yard punts were not infrequent, and only once during the season was his kick blocked. His recent election as captain for the coming year gives universal satisfaction, and promises a strong team for the next season. The result of the games played this season is as follows:

Vanderbilt vs. Memphis Athletic Club, at Memphis, October 13th, sixty-four to nothing. Vanderbilt vs. Center College, at Vanderbilt, October 26th, six to nothing. Vanderbilt vs. Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College, of Auburn, at Montgomery, November 3d, twenty to four. Vanderbilt vs. Louisville Athletic Club, at Louisville, October 27th, eight to ten (protested). Vanderbilt vs. University of Mississippi, at Vanderbilt, November 10th, forty to nothing. Vanderbilt vs. Central University, at Vanderbilt, November 21st, thirty-four to six. Vanderbilt vs. Cumberland University, at Vanderbilt, November 24th, sixty-two to nothing. Vanderbilt vs. Sewanee, at Vanderbilt, November 29th, twelve to nothing.

Local interest in foot-ball usually reaches a climax in the Thanksgiving game, especially if it be between Vanderbilt and Sewanee. The sharp but generous rivalry between the two institutions, and the large following of Sewanee as well as of Vanderbilt among the people of Nashville, insure an unusually large attendance whenever

they meet on the gridiron; all the more when it is the great holiday of the season. Lusty mountain lungs make up in snap and clearness what they may lack in volume, as they double quick on the

"Heigh, yip! heigh, yip! Sewanee!"

making a good contrast to the greater number of voices swelling out in the

Vanderbilt! Rah! Rah!
Vanderbilt! Rah! Rah!
Hoo—rah! Hoo—rah!
'Varsity, 'Varsity,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The terrace is packed with spectators, while on the opposite side of the field gay tally-hos flaunt the purple as well as the old gold and black. The teams are determined, and fight every inch of ground. Every brilliant play calls forth wild applause from one side and anxious looks from the other. At last the battle is over and the victory won; wearers of the old gold and black expend their remaining nervous energy in wild cheers, or else relax into that look of extreme satisfaction which should characterize those who have fared sumptuously on the thanksgiving fowl.

When victory has thus rewarded the home team, the "Thanksgiving Debate" at night is always well attended, and everybody is full of "how we did it." Then the representatives of the two literary societies settle once more some great national issue, the musical clubs make their annual *debut*, and the dear

boarding-school girl wears old gold and black and meets for once, and once only, perhaps, the gallant college boy. Such are the occasions which unite students' hearts, throw petty local rivalries into the background, and minister to the growth of that intangible essence known as "college spirit."

After the sombre cloud of "Intermediate Exams" has lifted, and the tension of "cramming" has been relaxed, candidates for the base-ball team are mustered on the field for daily practice whenever the weather permits. It is too early to predict what the team will be this year, though the knowing ones speak with confidence. Last fall an athletic team was organized to go into systematic training for the field day events in May. Little can be accomplished during the winter, but as the spring opens regular practice in the various exercises, varied with occasional cross-country runs, will put the men in trim for the contests.

Tennis at Vanderbilt is more popular than ever. The tennis association has for years had a full membership. Last year another club was organized with two courts—popularly known as the "Anti-Gym" club. These clubs have lately been consolidated, thus making a single club of fifty members, with seven courts and a club-house. In addition there is a ladies' tennis club, the members being "co-eds" and wives of professors. This suggests the question sometimes asked: Is Vanderbilt co-educational? There were last year just twenty-five young women taking studies in the university. They are matriculated as are other students, and when they complete the course required for a degree, that degree is conferred; but the authorities at present go only so far as to call them "students by courtesy."

Quite as remarkable as the growth of athletics has been the growth of the musical organizations. Beginning a few years ago as a mere singing class, and struggling along for a while without proper organization, the Glee

Club became a permanent institution in the fall of 1892, by the election of Dr. W. L. Dudley as president. Under the successive instruction of Mr. C. C. Washburn and Miss Vesey, the singing of the club has come to rank well with that of the best college clubs.

The fall of 1893 saw the formation of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs, which have fully supplemented the work of the older organization. These clubs have had the best of instruction, first under Prof. W. F. Allen, and during the present season under Prof. LeBarge, lately of Boston. Many single concerts had been given in preceding seasons, notably one at Louisville last spring, but no extended trip was undertaken till the beginning of the late Christmas holidays, when the thirty-five members of the clubs, under the personal care of their genial president, took a private sleeper for a thirteen days' tour of Southern cities. From a financial standpoint, such trips hardly ever more than pay expenses, and this one was not a brilliant exception to the rule. In every other respect, however, it was an eminent success. The performances everywhere received the most flattering press comment; one prominent paper crediting the organizations with having the finest banjo club in the country, and another declaring that the same club made more music than the average mortal ever dreamed was in a banjo. According to the universal verdict of the members of the clubs, the social features could not have been improved upon. The young collegians were received into the best families, and most royally entertained. Thus the name of the university was brought prominently before the public in such places as Rome, Atlanta, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Natchez, Jackson, and Memphis.

HOLIDAYS.

Besides Thanksgiving and Field Day, Vanderbilt has three stated holidays: the twenty-second of February, the first Saturday in April, and the



Banjo, Mandolin and Glee Clubs.

twenty-seventh of May. Washington's birthday is the anniversary of the Philosophic.

The first Saturday in April is known as Concour Day. On that day every student who so pleases has the privilege of speaking before the faculty as a contestant for a speaker's place in the subsequent contests for the "Founders" and the "Young" medals for oratory. Eight speakers are chosen, four for each contest, the former taking place on Founder's Day, the latter during Commencement week. Concour is made the butt of many witticisms, and every year one may hear of any number of students who profess to have no desire at all for a speaker's place, but who unselfishly propose to "bore the faculty" for the general good.

But of all the days in the university calendar, the most unique in its observance is the twenty-seventh of May, the anniversary of the birth of Commodore Vanderbilt. The denizens of

the campus are aroused at sunrise by the doubtfully enchanting strains of a local band, and thus informed that this is Founder's Day—as if any student in West Side Row or in Wesley Hall needed to be reminded. For a week preceding the event the most accomplished politicians in college have been carefully estimating the relative strength of West Side and Wesley Hall, and considering the merits of the various possible candidates for the degree of "Bachelor of Ugliness." West Side Row, in her six cottages and dining hall building, houses something near one hundred and ten voters; Wesley Hall rarely polls over seventy-five. The students living in the city and those boarding at private houses, together with such of the law students as take part, thus hold a balance of power between the deadly rivals, West Side Row and Wesley Hall. Schemes and counter schemes are formed until it is always uncertain till the last ballot is taken

who will come off victor. Each of the rival factions holds its preliminary convention at which it selects its own candidate. These preliminary conventions are miniatures of the great convention on Founder's Day, except that campaign plans are discussed, and a man appointed to nominate the candidate. Finally the day arrives and is ushered in by the straggling band—unless indeed, West Side Row anticipates them with tin-pans and horse-fiddles, as a portent to Wesley Hall of what is in store for her. The day drags wearily on till the university clock clangs out the hour of ten, when suddenly all become alert and eager for the contest. Along the walks leading to University Hall students are hurrying to the election. The leaders are already there, and caucussing is rife in the corridors. Presently the tide begins to pour into the chapel, and in a few minutes the corridors are deserted. Inside the chapel is perfect pandemonium, which riots unrestrained till the humor of the crowd changes. When a temporary chairman is to be named, the first test of strength comes in the election of permanent officers. But this preliminary skirmish is not always a reliable test of strength. Indeed, all sides seem at times to refrain from uncovering their full battalions, in order that the fun may be prolonged.

Permanent officers elected, the chairman announces his readiness to receive nominations for the degree of Bachelor of Ugliness. An awkward silence falls on the body, each faction waiting for the other to speak first—

and while they are waiting and the wags on either side are guying the opposition, let me pause to inform the reader that the degree of Bachelor of Ugliness is an "honorary degree for merit," established by Dr. Wm. Dodd, and continued by his successor in the chair of Latin, Dr. Jas. H. Kirkland. The successful candidate is supposed to be the most popular man in college, and on the night of the "Young Medal Contest" the degree is formally conferred, the diploma being a handsome pocket-knife.

By this time the representative of West Side Row has resolved to make the advance movement, and takes the platform amid deafening applause. His speech can never be reproduced. The words as they stand in the "Comet" give but a faint idea of the picture of hideousness drawn by the speaker. Wesley Hall's representative is likewise introduced, and as the speeches come to a climax with the name of the candidate, there is a fresh outbreak of pandemonium. Finally all candidates are upon the platform, and the voting begins by classes. Excitement reaches the highest pitch as the last class is being polled. Some quick calculator catches the result, and passes the word as quickly to his comrades that West Side has won. With difficulty the chairman restores order, for the announcement of the result. As the words fall from the official lips a rush is made for the platform, the successful candidate is borne in triumph home, and the great event of the day is over.



THE NEW WOMAN.

BY JEAN WRIGHT.

A TOAST.

"IN days of old, when knights were bold and barons held their sway,"
I do declare the ladies fair lived in a lovely way.
Then every single gentleman adored some beauteous dame,
And fought and bled and died, perchance, for glory and her fame.
Then every damsel had a score of lovers brave and gay,
Who'd serenade her every night, and woo her every day.
With smiles and sighs and downcast eyes, accompanied by the lute,
Her angel face and stately grace did damage absolute.
And if her eyes were like the stars, and if her hair was gold,
The trivial fact she couldn't read was never even told.
Then maids, in sooth, did plight their troth more often than they ought,
And darts and smarts and bleeding hearts composed their line of thought.
But who can blame them if they did yield to the tender passion,
When daily duels were the thing, and murder was the fashion.
One's love was apt to lose his life e'er one had said one loved him;
One had to make one's mind up quick, e'er cruel death removed him.
A kneeling knight's a lovely sight, and vows are pretty things;
Of woman's clubs they'd never heard, and love was king of kings.
Who ever blames those ancient dames for being fond and true,
Remember, while ye pity them, they'd nothing else to do.

But what I'm most afraid is, those fascinating ladies found their business
rather slow,
For to sit up in a tower and do samplers by the hour is charmingly poetic,
but to-day it wouldn't go.
And e'en the firm conviction, be it fact or pleasing fiction, that one's chosen
knight is loyal though he's still in foreign parts,
Would have been a little better if the lady'd had a letter, or e'en a little
telegram, to tell his whereabouts.

Ah, a rosy wreath and an azure scarf are lovely things I trow,
And good enough for the dames of old, but what would we do with 'em now?
And stateliness and starry eyes, and hair of silk or gold
Made many a goodly capture in the merry days of old.
Now ladies wage in ways more sage the universal war;
Hebrew they speak, and eke in Greek and modern German law.

Now we get a store of knowledge from some famous school or college: we
laugh at love and lovers, and we scorn to be adored.
The thought is horrifying! Life is short and time is flying! So we don our
mental bloomers for a "meeting of the Board."

For questions more momentous are awaiting our attention, and we'll vote ourselves a quorum—for we never can be floored.
 Platonics are the fashion, and we scorn the tender passion, and it's really quite absurd to see a man upon his knees.
 We're exceedingly socratic, and tremendously dogmatic; and we want you all to know that we're uncommon hard to please.
 We talk ethics and æsthetics, economics, therapeutics; we write after-dinner speeches and deliver them with ease.
 Now we study immigration and the doctrine of negation, geographics, and hypnotics, and everything we can.
 We are learning how to chatter on every kind of matter; we discuss with bland composure what we cannot understand.
 Perhaps we are pedantic, and not specially romantic, but we've other things to think of than that horrid tyrant, MAN!
 We've no time for love and laughter; "Woman's Rights" is what we're after, and we scorn the hollow honor of a noble pedigree.
 That is nothing in comparison with honors academic, or to be the proud possessor of a 'varsity degree.
 And rustling silks and laces entirely out of place is in the costume that's directed by the more advanced females.
 And we boldly are declaring that the glasses we are wearing result from over-study, and not from dotted veils.
 Cast aside our dainty dresses, and our long and silken tresses; cut them off and cast 'em from us—for men don't like crop-haired girls;
 And our earnest high endeavor is to be worshiped ever for our wisdom and our learning, not our dimples and our curls.
 And whatever be the sequel, we will not be free and equal; we will put man in subjection where he properly belongs;
 We will bear the yoke no longer; we will show that we're the stronger; we will do and dare to right our dreadful wrongs.
 "Kneeling knights!" Abhorrent image! What we want 's a general scrimmage, just to show we've entered into things for better or for worse.
 Perhaps you think we ought to, but we do not ask for quarter; all we want is your permission to direct the universe.

The lady whom I'm toasting, I can say without much boasting, is the fair and crowning blossom of this great and glorious age;
 I am sure that wise Aspasia, if she tried, could never phase her; tho' I'm told that lady—in her time—was counted quite a sage.
 Then yield, ye haughty tyrants! Usurp our place no longer! Our decree is: you may live, but no mutiny we'll stand;
 I give you then—up, sirs! stand up and drink it humbly—"The Glorious Modern Woman! May she triumph in the land."

THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA'S FAN.

BY MRS. J. K. HUDSON.

TWENTY-FIVE years have passed since the tragedy of Maximilian's death in Mexico, but occasionally the scene is all lighted again by a reference to "poor Carlotta," and to the fact that she still lives in happy ignorance of the closing act of her brief reign.

Besides possessing the charm of royalty, Carlotta's personality carries with it the intense interest always felt in a woman who is at the same time wife, helpmeet, friend and loyal sweetheart. So, also, everything belonging to such a woman has a peculiar charm, and the exquisite fan which inspired this story is a fitting and typical memento of the sweet mad woman who watches and prays constantly for her lover's coming.

The fan has for me another interest, manifoldly greater—but you will learn of that.

I journeyed from a western state to Mexico, in search of an Aztec pyramid. I may mention, as apology for having undertaken so heroic a study, that I am no longer in the heyday of youth, and that I am called by my friends a "sort of amateur geologist." Two or three summers spent in digging for fossils of the lower kingdoms of life inoculated me with the archæological fever, and I went to Old Mexico with the enthusiasm of a Schliemann.

I arrived there one mid-afternoon and went to the Hotel Iturbide. There, to my disappointment, I found a number of ordinary English-speaking Americans like myself, peering into my face and questioning me with their alert eyes, so different from the tired orbs of the natives. One young fellow in particular, who evidently believed himself disguised in a *sombrero*, was especially obnoxious to me on the instant. His very air, I thought, proclaimed that he would know my business, having none of his own. I wanted to explore an Aztec pyramid alone, unknown and undisturbed. I intended to read "The Conquest of Mexico"

and "The Fair God" and other older and less interesting tales, on the spot; and I resented the possibility of prying eyes. This old city of the Montezumas was all new to me, but when I went out on the street my eye almost immediately caught sight of the word "Chapultepec" on a tram-car. That was the place to begin. To Chapultepec! the summer home of Montezuma; the fortress so gallantly stormed by our General Scott; the castle built on a rock and surrounded by the wonderful gardens.

To Chapultepec I went—only a two-mile ride from Mexico; and the fact that it was nearly dusk when I arrived at the summit and looked down upon the crumbling capital, and far out over the plateau, and into the fertile valleys, added a charm to this first glimpse into a dead past. I gazed and dreamed, and peopled the castle with Montezuma and his hosts; beheld Cortez and his countless Indians raze the proud city; heard the boom of American cannon and saw our soldiers scale the heights on which I stood. Then I reflected that all this must be overleaped, and I must go back hundreds of years more to begin to search for the pyramids.

It made me feel a bit lonesome and helpless. My first thought was to walk back to the city and thus become fully imbued with the spirit of my strange surroundings, as the best inspiration for active work in the morning; but a glance at the fading sky and a recollection of the traditional Mexican character, warned me that it was too late to walk. I took a last look from the great rock, descended into the gardens and passed rather hurriedly out. After walking a short distance I was about to pass the open door of a little adobe house when a voice rang out.

"Mercedes, Mercedes!" it said.

Not as we would say it, and not as I can tell it to you, unless you have heard the name spoken by a Spanish

tongue. "Maercedeeds! Maercedeeds!" high in key and with a note of authority and love intermingled—maternal love, my ear said.

Like a flash of light a young girl sprang from a clump of low-growing bushes near me, crying in a subdued tone and a perfect English accent. "No! No!" and then in a louder and cheerful tone, "Yes, mamma, I am coming."

"Will wonders never cease, or rather, are they just beginning?" I said to myself. "Do young girls in Old Mexico, who answer to the name of Mercedes, speak like that?"

The girl ran into the arms of the woman, who stood in the doorway, and they both disappeared. I had not seen the girl's face, but I had seen her form outlined against the western sky, and her white gown and her youth.

Suddenly I became aware of a step behind me, and a low whistle—some insolent popular American air. The tune assured me that I was in no personal danger, but the careless manner in which it was blown into the twilight annoyed me; though what was it to me that this fellow, from whom the girl Mercedes had just parted betrayed self-confidence in his voice, or that she uttered a half-concealed appeal in her repeated "No." They were Mexicans, no doubt, and she had probably been sent to the states to be educated in a convent; that was where she had acquired such an accent. But what was she doing in a hut like that?

It was not easy to think this all out in a moment, and reconcile everything in my mind so that I could go comfortably on and leave the child and her mother in that lonely place; and I must have slackened my pace, imperceptibly to myself, for the step and the tune overtook and passed me. Presently the owner of them hailed the tram-car which we were approaching. I recalled my senses, quickened my gait and stepped aboard just behind the stranger. The lamps were lighted, and I took a seat opposite the man that I might have a good look at him.

He was the young American I had seen at the Iturbide. Our conversa-

tion, during the ride to the city, was carried on wholly in pantomime. Meeting thus in a foreign land the most natural thing in the world was that we should spontaneously greet each other, and in justice I must acknowledge that the light of a smile dawned in his face when I first glanced at it; and I felt that he was about to offer his hand to me, but I deliberately folded my arms across my breast and scowled. Just why I could not have told, perhaps, but I did; and then I was conscious of a slight elevation of the head across the aisle, and a movement that plainly said:

"Just as you please; it does not matter to me."

So we went on until a lurch of the car caused our eyes to meet again, when mine dealt a blow of scorn, and his, I fancied, contained an amused expression that was worse. We both went straight to the Hotel Iturbide.

That night I determined to have a long sleep, rest from my fatiguing journey, be ready to see the city in a day, and then to start on my search for a pyramid. I retired early, persistently closed my eyes, and—did not sleep. Time and again I reached out into the lace meshes of the mosquito netting and drew back my wandering mind, focused it on the subject of my ambition, and then caught it again. The lazy noises of the streets died away, and still I lay wide-eyed and tossing. One moment cursing the fate that took me to Chapultepec, and in the next acknowledging to myself that I would not have missed it for the world.

"Mercedes! Mercedes!" The name kept ringing in my head like a chime, and at last rang me to sleep, I suppose, for I waked with a start, hearing it afar off for the hundredth time, and found the sunlight lying on the floor of my room and glaring on the street.

I had little appetite for breakfast and wandered idly round the quaint shops and through the narrow streets for an hour or two, but conscious all the time of a desire to examine the great aqueduct; that piece of wonderful engineering that carries *aqua gorda* from

Chapultepec to Mexico City. It was with real satisfaction that I measured the multiplied arches of the aqueduct with my eye, examined the cement with a magnifying glass and tapped the stones with my geologist's hammer. Then I said to myself, "The view is so fine from the rock I will go there again before returning to the city."

The door of Mercedes's home was standing open, as doors mostly do in Mexico. I approached timidly, trusting to sudden inspiration to supply me with a question as an excuse for my intrusion. Stop I must, for, as I drew near, unmistakable sounds of weeping met my ear, and a sobbing voice spoke in Spanish and broken English. At first I could distinguish nothing; then I heard the girlish voice of Mercedes say:

"It will break your heart to part with it, mamma. I cannot sell the fan—and yet, there is nothing else left."

"What should I do?" I asked myself. "Leave them to their fate and their trouble, and go about my business of seeking an Aztec pyramid?" No; that would be cowardly, and selfish, too, for surely that was what I most wished to do, having come thousands of miles for the express purpose.

I marched up to the door and was met by the girl, who came forward at sight of an American face. A few incoherent words concerning the road and the palace grounds came to my lips, but they were lost in the confusion of the two inmates of the small and cheerless interior.

The eyes of both the girl and her feeble-looking companion were red with weeping, and the woman began immediately to beg my pardon for their tears. She sat near the door, and in her thin hands held an exquisite fan, full spread and with the sunlight falling through the fine meshes of its perforated sticks. It had chanced that in my study of old and rare things in museums and elsewhere, I had come into possession of a limited amount of fan lore, and I recognized at once a choice relic of better days and artistic workmanship.

"We were talking about the fan," the woman explained, with the volu-

bility of age, and long hoarded sorrow and Latin blood. "It is my Carlotta fan," gently stroking the ivory, and then turning it at the proper angle for my eyes to take in its beauty. "She gave it to me, the poor dear, just before she sailed for France to get help for the Emperor Maximilian. Alas, she never saw him again. But you know her story; every one does. Many a day have I thought I should lose my senses and be as mad as she. Poor, dear Carlotta."

"May I take the fan in my own hands and examine it more closely, madam?" I ventured, as the woman paused to wipe her eyes. I was relieved to find that my presence needed no further explanation, and inspired with the thought that the road to the Mexican woman's good opinion was through admiration of Carlotta's fan.

"Certainly, certainly," she responded, "I am sure you will appreciate so delicate and beautiful a thing. See how fine the carving is, and this is real gold-leaf; it is not gilding; every part of it is just as bright as it was when the empress herself carried it to the last court ball. Time will never tarnish it, and careless hands will never break nor mar it while it is in my keeping. But, oh, sir, at last we must sell it!" and her tears began to flow afresh.

There was no need to ask why they must sell the valuable bauble; a glance at the bare apartment told the tale. I took the treasure reverently in my hands and sat down on a proffered chair to examine it, and think. It were easy enough to buy this fan and thus relieve the need of these two for bread, but that would only be a temporary relief to them, and it would cut me off from any further intercourse with them.

Plainly, I must temporize.

"What have you been offered for the fan?" I asked.

"Oh, we have had no offer; my daughter, the Senorita Mercedes, will take it to the curio shop, and sell it for what she can—it will be little enough—though twice the dealer has come to us to buy it for some rich traveler. Now he says he has no customer for it, and

must hold it till he finds one." Suddenly looking up, as if the bright thought had just come to her, she said:

"Would you buy it, sir?"

"I might buy the fan," I answered, hesitatingly, "if the price is not too high, or I might find a purchaser who would pay more for it than I can, if I could have a few days' time. Is it urgent that you sell the fan immediately?"

"Indeed it is, else we would not think of it, but—we will manage somehow, Mercedes, my love, will we not?" Up to this time the girl had not spoken since my entrance. Thus directly appealed to she responded quickly:

"Yes, mamma, yes, indeed; let the gentleman consider. We will put the fan away again. Shall I relieve you of it?" she continued, holding out her hand to take it.

"If I might prevail upon your mother to tell me more about this beautiful fan, and how it was presented to her by the unfortunate empress," I said, "I will keep it a little longer. It is a delight to the eye. There is but one tiny flaw here in the fifth stick, and the edge is worn just enough to show that it has been used by dainty hands. One reason that it is so well preserved, I fancy, is because the sticks extend almost to the top; the force of the wind cannot break the painting. I have been trying to decide which I admire most, the painting of the face or of the reverse side. The landscape and the costumes on this side are Grecian, I observe, while the other picture is evidently a group of French peasants. Our modern fan makers are content with adorning one side of a costly fan, but the two sides of this one are almost equally lovely. The sticks bear more gold-leaf on the face, but I like best the general tone of the painting on the reverse. There is less blue and more of the soft wood tints that harmonize so beautifully with the rich old ivory. What a curious effect is caused by a part of the gold being polished and a part dull Roman finish? It is a treasure, madam, and I sincerely hope you will not be obliged to part with it for any inconsiderable sum.

Carlotta, you say, presented it to you just before she left Mexico?"

"Yes, my husband was Maximilian's trusted friend. Carlotta was confident of success in her appeal to the Pope and to Napoleon for aid for Maximilian, and yet she went away with a heavy heart. That was in 1866—twenty-nine years ago. I was young then like my sweet Mercedes, and yet, not like her. She is fair; she is her father's child. He was an Austrian, as brave a man as ever lived, though he was not of my blood. He came to Mexico with the emperor. We loved each other and I was the happiest bride that ever breathed. Ten short years we spent together, then my little one was sent north to a convent in San Francisco to prepare her to go to Europe with us, her father said. He went to Valparaiso to attend to a cargo he was interested in, and died of yellow fever. You wonder that I can speak of all this calmly and yet weep over a fan. Ah, I have lived it all over so many times; the fan is but a part of it. The tears ease the pain in my heart, but the tumult goes on there all the time; you see it has almost worn me out. Five years I kept Mercedes at the convent—the Mother Mary only knows how. She was happy there, and safe. Then I could no longer pay, and she came home. Now, all is gone but the fan, and I shall soon be with my husband. Oh, may the saints protect my little one then!"

Long before she had finished this touching story, Mercedes had put her arms about her mother's neck and begged her not to talk of these painful things. The Virgin would provide for them, she said, and the gentleman would buy the fan.

Her bright eyes turned appealingly to me and I was strangely tempted to say that I would take the fan then and there at any price. But I resisted, and said I would interest myself in its sale at once. It was pleasant to have this lovely girl trust me as a friend sent by Providence, and I drank in her looks of gratitude; but I could not fail to see that she was sensitive to every noise outside the little house, even

while she caressed her mother and soothed her with loving words. Naturally the gay *cavallero* came into my mind, and I instinctively listened too, while I talked on about the tragic times of the Emperor Maximilian, thus postponing the time of my departure.

I did not indulge in the nonsense of being "wedded to my profession," and all that, yet I was a student for the love of it. Neither was I old, as bachelors go, but I was turned of the most susceptible age, and I had an indefinite knowledge that my friends considered me confirmed in bachelorhood. This trip to Old Mexico, which might be extended on down through Central America—that almost ungleaned field for the archæologist—had long been the dream, and, I believed, the opportunity of my life. Yet, here I was, dallying in the light of a pair of German-blue eyes set in the face of a Mexican girl named Mercedes—a girl of seventeen, who could speak Spanish, German and English equally well, but a girl whom I had never seen before, and who already had a lover.

At last I rose to take my leave. The interview could not be longer protracted on the ground of business. I went back to the city; still I was not hungry, and I had expected tramping over the plains of Mexico to be such appetizing work!

Another night of feverish wakefulness and dreaming delirium; the second since my wearying journey. In the morning some kindly spirit whispered to me to proceed on my way without delay. I did not heed it. I could not so desert those two poor and helpless women. I went over to the old cathedral and watched the Mexican men, women and children go in and out through its ever open door. Laborers in their working clothes; old black women going to market with huge baskets on their arms; ladies, with lace mantillas over their heads, alighting from satin-lined barouches; dirty, scantily clad little imps of all shades, and occasionally, but rarely, a well-dressed man. Some went far forward toward the dimly lighted altar, knelt and tarried long. Some proceeded but a few

steps, touched the pavement with one knee, crossed themselves, mumbled a prayer, and hurried on their way again. Others, the strangers, gaped about at the paintings and the images, going continually a little farther and a little farther into the great auditorium, listening to the unintelligible and monotonous voices of the priests as they intoned the service.

Here, in the very spot where the massive old cathedral now stands, once stood the Aztec pyramid, whose summit was reached by a winding way, after the manner of the Tower of Babel. And before that, what prehistoric shape did the aborigines build here? Surely, here was food for thought and field for research. Would I improve the opportunity, or would I give up everything I had come for, and do nothing? What meant this indifference? Of what nature was this barrier that stopped the current of my mind, or turned it wholly aside into a new channel? Of course, I knew very well that the purchaser I should find for the fan would be myself, but I did not admit even that. I pretended to myself that I would presently return to the hotel and look about for an American who had money and desired costly souvenirs. But I did not. I sat on the steps of the cathedral until my rival, my enemy, the young American, appeared in the street. He rode a magnificent horse and bestrode it royally. He looked strong and confident, even gay, I thought.

Pshaw! the bare idea that a rusty-looking scientist, geologist, archæologist—they all sounded ridiculous now—should hope to win favor in a pretty girl's eyes with a dazzling creature like that before her; then I went to Chapultepec again. This time I found Mercedes's mother alone. After heartlessly informing her that I had not yet been able to dispose of the fan, I asked for her daughter, and was told that she had gone to walk in the grove near by.

"I cannot go out, and it is lonely here for the child, poor darling. Holy Mother! what will become of her when I am no more? She cannot be worse off, perhaps, but I love her, and we have no friends, but the father

and the sisters—she must go with them."

How happy I would have been to say: "Leave Mercedes to me; I will love her and care for her;" and I half suspected that, having no one else to trust, the mother would have trusted me, had I said it. But I fancied I knew somewhat of Mercedes that the mother did not know. So I asked:

"Has your daughter never had a lover?"

What I may truthfully call the exigency of death made the woman willing to talk of this delicate subject, even to a stranger. She knew that her days were few, and her one all-absorbing thought was that Mercedes would be left alone. I counted on this when I hazarded the question.

The mother lifted her great black eyes to mine and gazed into them as if she would see my very soul for her daughter's sake.

"Yes," she said slowly, "she had a lover. He followed her here from San Francisco. He is rich, it is said, and handsome. But," and she hesitated as if not sure of what she was about to say, "I was told that he led a gay life in Mexico, and said the same to every pretty girl that he did to Mercedes. I could not trust him. Mercedes told him not to come here. That is all over."

With this the mother was silent and seemed lost in a mournful reverie, and I said good by again, to look for some one who would buy the fan. Really to find out all about my rival. When I had learned all there was to learn it amounted to this: the young man, who had followed Mercedes from California, belonged to a good family; was rich and gay, but not a bad fellow; was desperately in love, and intended to stay in Mexico until he could take Mercedes back to San Francisco with him.

I sent for him to come to my room at the Iturbide.

"Do you love the girl Mercedes?" I demanded in the first breath.

"Love her! I will do anything for her. Marry her now, wait for her, what she will. Love her! I should say I do, man! I came here to get her,

and I shall not leave without her. Is that satisfactory?"

"Does she love you?"

"Yes, as much as I love her. Her mother is ill, and has taken a dislike to me. I suspect that they are desperately poor, but Mercedes will not tell me much about that, and I cannot go to their house. Can you, will you help me, or, rather, help them in any way?" and the young fellow held out his hand to me in the frankest possible manner.

I took it, but he must have noticed how cold mine was. His was soft as a woman's, and pulsing with the hot blood of youth. My last hope was gone with the conviction, forced upon me, that this man was not a knave. It was a clear case of spontaneous, mutual, youthful love; the most beautiful thing on earth when one can look upon it with undimmed and unprejudiced sight. To win a girl's love is one thing; to turn its flood is quite another. I had not lived my forty years to be wholly blind, even when the sure arrow struck my own heart.

"Go to Mercedes's home this afternoon at three o'clock," I said, a little hoarsely.

I had to listen to his profuse thanks, and then he was gone. The next tram car carried me to Chapultepec.

"I have found a purchaser for the fan," I announced at once, in order to insure a welcome and inspire confidence in what I had to say. The sum I handed to Mercedes's mother was much larger than she had asked, and she was moved to tears as she accepted it, and both blessed and thanked me over and over again. The transaction ended, and the precious fan safe in my keeping, I felt my throat almost close up, and my tongue literally cleave to the roof of my mouth as I tried to tell her that there was another matter of which I wished to speak, in private.

Mercedes immediately went out to the grove, looking back at me as she passed, reproachfully, I fancied; perhaps, beseechingly. The unjust accusations of her gentle eyes stung me to the heart, but I could not explain, although I would have given much for the privilege.

The mother's fading eyes lighted up and showed an eager hope.

"Madam," I began, "realizing the serious character of your illness and your consequent inability to leave your home, I have taken it upon myself to make inquiry concerning the young man who loves your daughter—the San Franciscan of whom you spoke. I have learned nothing against his character, and I advise you, as a disinterested friend, to receive him; and if you become convinced that he and your daughter love each other, to see them married while you can give them your blessing."

But even now I cannot proceed in setting down this conversation. Let it suffice that I succeeded in overcom-

ing the mother's suspicion that I had all the time been in league with Mercedes's lover, and that I made an appointment for him at three o'clock.

The next day I was bidden to the wedding—but I was ill and could not go. The priest, who married them and pronounced the blessing, and two nuns, were the only witnesses, they told me, and the bride had but one gift besides the magnificent one her husband gave her. That other one was mine. I sent her the Carlotta fan.

A week later, when I arose from my bed, I saw a funeral train leaving the Hotel Iturbide. It was Mercedes's mother being borne to her grave. She had spent seven happy days with her children, and had then gone to rest.

A MOTHER'S NOTE BOOK.

BY MRS. C. A. ELDER.

Monday night, June 22d.—I have slept and am in better spirits. Kate and Nell are at Anney's. Leighton, Beatrice, Eunice, Larimie, and Jess asleep in the lattice rooms and mine. My husband on his way to Arkansas. I am to write to him at Brinkley and Morrilton.

Tuesday night, 9:30.—Leighton asleep on my bed, sick. On the porch I hear Nell's affected laugh. I have two girls nearly grown. The pit, that engulfs most girls of their age, they have not, as I fondly hoped, escaped—the pit of selfish vanity. That thoughtful consideration of others, which is as rare and valuable in character as diamonds are among precious stones, they possess in meager degree.

Next Monday I resume my teaching—a severe labor, and one for which I once doubted my capacity. To God, my dearest friend, I have confided my aims and my desires. From Him I constantly supplicate wisdom. However great my obstacles, there is now but one watch-word—overcome them.

I find I am ever strangely and effectively helped by throwing my eyes over the heads of difficulties to my goal. To merely see in clear defined letters before my mind's eye these words: "Make of my daughters wise women, building their house"; "polished as corner-stones, after the similitude of a palace," sets the sluggish blood of effort coursing again, eager and confident. When shall I turn me to rest and satisfaction? When I see reward for the travail of my soul? When I see these girls spending their lives for that which is bread and their labor for that which satisfieth. Ah! who can say how full my heart will then be of content?

"Every year strips us of at least one vain expectation, and teaches us to reckon some solid good in its stead."

"One has to spend so many years in learning how to be happy."

"She that hath borne seven, languisheth. She hath given up the ghost; her sun has gone down while it is yet day. She hath been ashamed and confounded."

"All one's precious specie, time, going out to procure a stock of commodities, while one's own manufactures are too paltry to be worth vending."

Edge dull and worn out; no spirit, no life. If there exists a power to kindle my spark again, to quicken, to energeise, let it come!

I look at the trees, breathe the odors, hear the bird song, revel in the charm of nature, and say to myself: "Have I lost the power to be thrilled? Have I utterly forgotten the language of this magical world? Am I discarded from this only true patrician circle where I once was received? What has disgraced and expelled me from this nobility? What?"

Saturday, June 27th.—Here at my little south window, sick in body, dull in spirit. There is a precious share of sky to be had from this window, exquisite foliage of fruit trees, a very tall sycamore, a lovely hedge of althea circling beyond; my royal aspen fringed with its restless leaves, grass mingled with clover, some common flowers of Jess' planting—all making a humble little bit which might be despised by owners of river or sea view, or mountains with ravishing breath of pasture. How could I do aught but almost adore it? The morsel of sky, the grass, the grass! Oh, the sweet-blowing, lowly grass! these bunches of althea, that big-hearted aspen! My little book, I am hopeless to tell what a pain, a delight they are.

Yesterday I made two visits. There are persons with whom I assert no individuality. They are with me utterly unassimilative; and when near them I have so to disguise myself that I am rendered abject in feeling, and end with the wretched consciousness that my effort to keep my dissimilarity out of view is a failure. The feeling that it would be nobler to be myself, no matter how much remark it would occasion, is powerless to influence me to that course. I shrink to the despicable falsity of keeping my feeling and sentiment screened; when, like a rock, rough, angular and unmovable, sincerity should characterize me.

Thursday, July 2d.—I have a craving for a day in the woods—alone. Not infrequently there is an intuition that it would be a medicine to my soul of exceeding benefit. My daily walk becomes, at times, a burden almost insupportable. My brain faints, and my body grows utterly weary. This feeling has impeded me effectually. I was working without intelligence in resisting it; it was futile expense of force, and impaired my powers of body, mind and spirit. I will now act as though this weariness and disgust were legitimate; and after awhile, will they not free my fettered limbs and allow me interest and energy again? A human being who knows no way of enjoyment is despicable; one who can desire nothing with a glow of anticipation, who has not individuality sufficient to demand one gratification, hardly deserves to live, is hateful; and yet to that point am I come! Music? No. Reading? No. Walking? Flowers? Visiting? Writing? Sewing? No. Now let me provide that every daughter of mine has a talent which she knows and can master; a talent that has become two-thirds herself; a talent she can no more abjure than her hand or foot; a talent without which life is impossible. This will be to bestow an incalculable fortune.

Saturday, July 4th.—It is wretched weather; cloudy, cool, and raining. Out of doors all vegetation is swollen, bloated and rank. It wears a gross, opaque countenance, as you see some people whose faces tell you that conscience to them is a myth. It is like all low animals which feed without sensitiveness. At such times vegetation is unattractive.

To-morrow there is to be no husband at home. Life lacks substance when he is away. Hear that mocking-bird! He comes night and day; and sometimes, late at night when I fasten the blinds, he will burst out in song, that I may not feel so lonely. His song encourages and brightens me more than one would imagine.

Tuesday, July 7th.—It is seven o'clock in the morning, and I have been up two hours. When day breaks, I awake, as

is my habit, with a heavy weight at my heart. Thought starts up strong and eager, but morose. Conscience, like a great beast, stirs and opens its eyes and stretches its claws. In the power of these, thought and conscience, my poor body is helpless, and bed is but torture. This morning on awaking, I closed the blinds, bade Jess get in bed with little brother, and started down; but brother cried as though not well, so I staid with him, sending Jess back to her bed. Monroe roused me knocking gently on the back door. I came down, and opened all the lower house to the morning air.

When I shall awake this way to the morning's earliest approach with joy, peace and love in my heart, instead of heaviness and disquiet—oh, how shall I rejoice!

I have strayed into a path—a little path, but a very steep one, on which it is difficult, indeed all but impossible, to stand or turn back. This little wanton path—tricky, wild, unmanageable—is wrong-doing in little things. I have wandered away—on and on; time and time I have tried to return, but have failed; and then, halting, have been led by some trivial thing to rush wild and headlong down the thorny descent. Often these little paths, turning out of the straight and narrow way, have led me down and down until some horrible occasion would send me back blanched and terrified.

If I could divest myself of all falsity, and if I could possess myself of the original mother-sentiment, such as Eve had when she said she had got a man from the Lord; if I could hold the natural enthusiasm these words suggest; if I could escape the influence of unappreciative mothers; if my son, to me, would ever be the solemn and wonderful thing he is; if my lips would find it impossible to be light and frivolous; if my heart were ever charged with holy affection; my soul with reverence; if my eyes had no regard but of holy conviction and purpose, my hands no touch but of tenderest motherhood—then might I not miss the poetry of motherhood. Oh, that my weak nature might not slay me! Oh, that I hungered and

thirsted after righteousness! Then all dalliance would be impossible. Time and earth would be holy. Then would I be grave, tender, true and oblivious of petty impediments. Oh, save me from that common death of fainting on the way and giving up enthusiasm and purpose.

If I lose the sense of the profound holiness of life then my danger is imminent. Imminent of that direst of all haps, lowering of character. It is of mortal importance that we do not afford one tittle of weight lost from our character for faith and truth. We must never lose the enthusiasm of the infinity of life; we must be transfixed with the sublimity of a soul; and the thought that we are souls, and that the meanest of human beings are souls, must lift us above all that is sordid and vexing, all that obstructs.

The only way is to be cleverer than life. See that it never exasperates you; that it never wearies or depresses you. Hold your own with it, and in the greatest problem or perplexity be able to laugh. Life is disarmed by those who laugh. Evade it. Circumvent it. Ride it. Only thus will you succeed. When you get a purpose dear as life, then it is that life will summon its strength to vex, to defeat, to worry. If it sees you growing weak, it only redoubles its efforts, feels no compassion and will surely slay you. You must fight it like a foe; you must fling at it never-flinching defiance; you must laugh it to scorn. If you must endure delay and defeat, endure them with a laugh and pertinacity. Never yield a jot. Always expect victory; if not to-day, then to-morrow.

The servant problem is one of woman's carking cares. The best way to make a good servant is to have a good opinion of her; and there are few that can withstand the constraining influence of this system. But how have a good opinion of a servant who is unworthy? Base your opinion on broad humanity. There is latent good in every one, and nothing causes it to quicken and grow like responsibility, trust and respect; and one might add that suspicion and surveillance has the effect

of annulling this latent good. Unfortunately nearly all servants are instinct with distrust toward their employers; they have every other idea clearer than that it is possible that we can be their friends. If once this better idea can be fostered to conviction, the good servant is made. It is rarely, however, that they find treatment beyond justice. Let us give them this consideration, make provision for their habits and enjoyments, show them we are not all selfishness in our dealings with them; and confidence, dependence and affection will develop on their part.

Oh! how wretched to be burdened with a body "feeble and sore broken," as is mine; a body that revolts at everything save the sky at night. When night comes, and I can escape the hateful lamplight, when I can sit at my window and send my soul forth into the cool depths of sky, life seems tolerable. Oh, that my soul might never return, but be freed forever from that cruel taskmaster, the day, which pursues the night so swiftly; which, ere I have lain an hour on the restful bosom of the dark, finds me with its glare and heat and leash!

August 3d.—This day is lovely and welcome indeed. Yesterday was a day of cloud and sunshine rapidly alternating. Toward sunset it thundered in quick repetition, but from so slight a cloud. No one could heed thunder accompanied by a smile, as this seemed almost to be. As night approached the storm made an effort to be more serious, but nothing came of it but the most delicious of showers and an exquisite rainbow against a dark blue east. To-day the sky seems a vast meadow, the clouds like snowy hay, and the ubiquitous wind the reaper. The wind tosses the hay high and leaves smooth swards of sky about. There is just the faintest prophecy of autumn in this cool, sweet-blowing atmosphere; the sunshine, clear and bright, but not so warm, wears also a premonition of that sad and welcome time.

I have a vague consciousness that I am to the possibilities of my children,

as is to the picture the fly crawling across its face. The fly is stupid, ignorant, incapable of seeing or appreciating the picture; I am stupid, ignorant, incapable of seeing or appreciating my children. Each child is a mine of wealth. What we need is ability to work these precious mines. My method has been, largely, that of barring up in iron their resources. I have been feeling my way, trying for the right; but, oh! so dimly, so feebly that I fear I shall be condemned. A mother's life is one of labor and devotion; far ahead of her lies the result—the harvest of the seed she sows, the glorious rest and satisfaction when her children shall be grown wise men and women, when she can lay aside fear and trembling and anxious labor. My life now is one of unspeakable strain; the strain of waiting, of possessing my soul in patience, of quiescence when all the atmosphere is pulsating with activity. It is as though I were in a sea with the necessity of keeping my eye on one star not to be drowned; the sea is temporal disability, the guiding star is faith.

"Sincerity is better than grace."

"Go deep enough, there is music everywhere."

"All deep things are song."

"See deep enough and you see musically; the heart of Nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it."—*Carlyle*.

Thursday, September 3d.—I have no landscape that would be regarded of note, but I have a sky view.

There are not many invalids (Ah, little book, I did not tell you I had been very sick), who, as they lie on their backs, can look up to the sky as if in a meadow. This ecstasy is furnished me by my wide windows, and the skies have been more beautiful than any I have seen since childhood.

But now comes a time to arise and exert myself. I have before me neither pleasure nor happiness; but difficulty before which I have fallen time after time. I will have happiness if I can conquer, if I can go out and slay mine enemies. Defeat has often met me, but, thank God, there is yet the spirit and determination to fight. If I

succeed I will look upon this period as the dark age of my life. All this "fight" and "defeat" and somber talk is about housekeeping, which comprehends everything implied in beauty of living at home.

Beauty of living, even in a large family, I feel instinctively is not confined to the rich. I have failed of attaining beautiful living and am far yet from confidence in success. When a family like mine would achieve what the rich get by means of purchase, it must have, first, an unflagging loyalty to system. Only in that unswerving concession can anything like order and harmony be obtained. Order and harmony come first in the ascent to leisure and refinement. The poor who indulge in leisure and ease without that foundation have not the backbone of principle; their morality has a taint of dishonesty.

It is a reproach to be poor. It argues inferior qualities of character. All who are rich are not superior. But all who have sound strength of character will "have no lack of anything."

We shrink, and are sensitive when found in want and indigency; this comes from a law of nature that reigns in all men and women—a desire to be equal in character to their neighbors. Indigency they recognize as a confession of inferiority, and they cast the blame on "luck," yet hold the painful consciousness that they alone are at fault.

To-morrow—well, to-morrow I shall go out to dinner and resume the struggle—struggle to make intractable children conformable to rule, to make an untidy servant honor order and decency, to evolve nicety and refinement in my large and difficult house; and all this without physical strength or mental or spiritual ability, and with an unspeakable dread of and aversion to affairs as they exist. In naming intractable objects to subject, let me not forget that foremost and most difficult of all is myself. I am ill-trained, ill-educated and ill-tempered; a veritable creature of low attainment. When

Ephraim spake trembling he exalted himself in Israel.

An entrancing September sky, a blue dome infinite with white shreds of clouds. This dome is flooded with sunshine, and in this allcreation bathes and bathes; the birds, the wind, the foliage disport in this heavenly pool, and my soul also, from this bed upon which I lie, laves with exceeding delight in the crystal sea.

To rise from an easy place, we must make it a hard place. It is working above inclination that counts. Time gives its fullest measure to the workers who endure.

September 21st.—Nearly twelve days have elapsed, and still I am a slow convalescent.

Make narrow paths for your feet lest that which is lame be turned out of the way. I made such a little path years and years ago, but I have been turned out of the way multiplied times by my halting feet; to-day I have been thrust back into it by a rough fear. Struggle against sin even unto blood. Truly, those who walk circumspectly have no time for levity.

This morning I am alone in my library; the window is open, showing a flower-bed of many colors; the sun shines warm and bright, and at this moment a bird has just ceased a long burst of joyous song; a fire burns with uncertain flame and whirr and snap. Sounds from out-doors come in from each separate opening—a child's low talk, a distant bird-trill; the chickens never cease their meek chirp, and now an envious wind brings the faintest suggestion of chill—but it had not the heart and has left all in peace again. Surely if I bend my heart and mind to this quest, I will find one long-sought, wild, eluding thought. There is all reason for finding this thought, for I hold the thing it stands for as my deadliest enemy. There is not a day but it traps me into pitfalls—but it pushes me backward. Not a day that I do not find myself injured in some relation by this evasive sense of misdeed. It is the loss of the sense of the solemnity

of life; and the use of words with out directness of purpose—in short, levity. Oh, let every power and play of the heart be united to hold life a fearful thing, to keep this sense more alert than the heart itself! Only then shall we at every beat of time walk warily, that this fearful thing life does not crush and consume us.

Sabbath, October 18th.—As soon as the Sabbath is awakened, I seek to have the inevitable work of domestic character done with serenity and despatch, so that the soul and mind and body may miss none of the inestimable benefits of the day—that we may be truer, more faithful, and fit for the week. Not, as I fear some hold, that the Sabbath should be crowded full of religious work, to expiate loose and slothful, if not irreligious, week-days.

Our pastor makes great opposition to dancing; it is to him the very climax of offense. To my mind there are other things that deserve this dictum of condemnation more—one being lack of truth. There is great obtuseness on this subject, and many people hold, in practice, that truth allows illimitable compromise. I have gleaned from the Bible that truth admits of no compromise; like mathematics, it is precise, solemn, stern, inexorable as existence itself. The truth must live in the heart. Business men find that custom has so ramified everything with subterfuges that they are all but powerless to sweep their dealings clean. Women of society wear the yoke of conventionality which puts a ban upon sincerity. This Dagon, conventionality, cannot always stand upright before the ark of God, the Bible. Yet, though conventionality has so besotted itself with falsehood, there is good in it; it is the form and image of courtesy, and courtesy is of God. Courtesy, also, has its counterfeit. Polish of manner we must despise if we know it covers a heart that imagines evil against its neighbor, and is without mercy and compassion.

This week has passed with satisfaction. Great happiness has come, to which I had been a stranger for a long

time; it is blessed work, nay, it is fascinating work teaching my children.

I say fascinating because I feel the constant need of watch over myself that I do not become over zealous. One thing we should resist without compromise; however great the urgency, do not allow the spirit to be the slave to hurry. Every morning, as the hour for study approaches, a flow of eager confusion enters my veins, and I become diseased with hurry—blind, deaf, dumb to every interest outside. Rather than this let me be ever idle. Nothing in life must make the demand that we stultify ourselves to meet it. To hurry is to work unintelligently. Such life is presuming, despotic, and requires to be throttled.

Yesterday we spent in the country. The day and the woods were beautiful; there exists no beauty in the world that affords the rapture which nature does; it appeals powerfully to profound emotion. We respond with all our being, while we understand as little as does the ocean responding to the attraction of the moon. Coming home, the spirit of the evening seemed full of an audible, visible, breathing assurance—the departure of lightsome summer and the advent of grave and dutiful winter. The air clear, pure and strong, was the expression of this mood. The white sky and ripened forest, with utmost gravity and loyalty accepted, the impost implying: "Good by, now, to leisure; return we to thoughtful responsibility and work."

To-morrow comes Saturday. Saturday is also an alluring day; I surprise myself in this confession of interest and satisfaction in my life. What have I to do with Saturday? Do I dine out anywhere on Saturday, robed in elegant attire and meeting charming, vivacious people? Am I to imbibe that "sparkling Catawba" of friction with keen wits and grave thoughts? None of these; truly, none of these. I am to inspect my house, arrange my rooms, examine house-wear, oversee my yard and garden, infusing order and cleanliness wherever needed. "Oh, what a homely, plodding woman," others may say, with profound distaste. So be it. We are given the crude world

with an intelligence. Life is just as each one best studies and applies the raw material. I, a woman, have the burden of a home and large family; it is a burden—sentiment, nor religion, nor any other thing can change that fact. It is a burden that requires self-sacrifice and labor; that taxes soul, spirit and body to their utmost, and sometimes beyond. I must bring my capacity entire to the study of means by which my burden can be best borne.

There is not one smallest evil but can be controlled by a system. By vigilance that never relaxes, authority that will not compromise, diligence directed by judgment and never instigated by hurry or anxiety, this burden can be adjusted so as not to gall or weary, but to develop and strengthen.

Without a burden well borne, we will never earn the hidden manna, which alone is life.

Wednesday, November 16th.—Cold, moody, and ill-humored looks the day; it brings everyone, shivering, into the house. The sky wears a deceitful blue, a heartless, wintry smile. When I arose this morning at six, how young the dawn! not until an hour afterward did the sun arise; a heavy purple mantle of cloud, richly trimmed in gold, awaited him. The children were dressed, each one had finished her room, breakfasted and read her Bible chapter and was ready for lessons at eight o'clock. This feat requires that we urge ourselves vigorously the minute we are out of bed. Repose must be peremptorily set aside; the brush must do its work promptly, clothes donned and fastened after determined and unyielding ablutions; then windows thrown open and beds assaulted with no languor; brooms seized and wielded with telling strokes, dusters distracting the dust that would settle; all of this done with no hurry, but with a gay dash and race. If so accomplished we will yet relish breakfast; but if hurry and worry bark at our heels, no appetite have we, but instead, nervousness, that gibing Puck, bestrides us for the day.

Is it not a tendency of human nature that, having foreseen the desira-

bility of an end and then established a system for its accomplishment, the end becomes gradually forgotten while the system gains prominence, until the old story of the law and the spirit is repeated? So often with education; it is wisely established that education is necessary to fit one for life; it should be a means to the end of developing one for the inevitable contest with natural and social laws. But education becomes an idol before which we bow; its applicability to the end of fitting human beings for life is disregarded, and the result is that though we labor to become educated, we, after all, find ourselves unfledged for the necessary flights into the world.

One of my greatest difficulties is keeping quiet and gracious in the midst of my children, who appeal to me in everything; this makes concentration on anything separate from them next to an impossibility. Of course, I would not be anything but a desirable mother to them; it is my pride and delight to see how they follow me and gather around me in whichever room I may be; but it may be an injury to me, and I shall grow less and less admirable. I must develop all the time lest some day they may be pained with my infirmity.

Sabbath, November 22d. In the country. This morning every heart was light; we were to spend the day at grandma's. As soon as dressed, Leighton and I walked down into the garden. The air was soft and sweet, plainly saying that rain was at hand; but we reveled in the thought that we would have at least one more day of exquisite weather. I walked about leisurely, feeling a pain in the sweet beauty of the morning—a pain that came from the consciousness of its excessive power, which at the same time I felt would prove so futile to do me any permanent good. It was a lovely morning pulsing with pathos—no more. We had our good breakfast and then made ready; Kate and Nell on horseback; Beatrice, Eunice and Leighton with their grandpa, who had come for them in his buggy; Larimie, Jess and myself in the jersey wagon. Before

we reached the railroad, the rain came in a few, heavy drops, and so it was that the mild blue cloud in the north and west lifted quietly and unmenacingly until it reached overhead; and then, as if in the merest and gentlest sport, it pattered us with small and large drops, with fast and slow, until the one in driving said a hard word or two, then, as if offended that we could not take its playfulness in better spirit, it ceased and drew away. Now, from the window, I see nothing but the riant sky, the long brown hill slanting up from this farm cot, the glancing leaves of the aspen, yellow or green; the stiff leaves of oaks and poplars on which the modest sun glances through a thin veil, and which just now a rude north wind tosses ruthlessly. This wind is like a rude, rough boy among shy shrinking girls; it will have its sport though each gentle thing it passes gets a sting from its whip.

The weather shifts its panorama from a day, yester as mild, mobile and tender as one of May, to one invested with the hardships of winter. In the late afternoon of yesterday everything shook as at the approach of winter; the trees seemed pitifully to beg for escape as they shivered nude in the blast. The wind reveled like a Norse god in its ruthless march, before which everything bowed in consternation, all the sky and air and earth seemed haunted by the spirit of rain without its visible body; and as we drove rapidly down the village street and saw the bent, close-coated figures, the low, solid gray sky, the dim wintry perspective, we said: "This night there will be snow." But still there is a respite; in the close frozen clouds there are air holes that show the blue bosom of the sky, and these enlarge like ice flakes about to break and drift away.

Riding out last Sunday, passing the creek with its bank thronged with, mostly beech, but also many oaks, with its ways thickly covered with the fallen leaves, I felt a fervent desire to renew my old time comradeship with the woods—it hardly at any time amounted to intimacy. I thought if I might be often in their society again, occasion-

ally alone, it would be a great benefit to me.

Monday morning.—Arose shortly after six. Last night (which ended the interval I had so reluctantly given to sewing), the children were told to gather all that would be needed for this morning that there might be no delay in dressing so, although Monroe was twenty minutes late in making the fires, we by extra energy were dressed, had the house in order, had breakfasted, and were ready at eight o'clock to begin study. Each child has a room to arrange neatly. Jess, the study-room, which is the back-parlor; Larimie, the children's sleeping-room; Kate, my room in which, being the family-room and the most difficult, I assist; Nell, the room which she and Kate used conjointly, for sleep and study; here Kate practices her guitar and Nell paints. Each child is enjoined to do her room with utmost care and taste; and in this way the entire house is given a very homeful look, quaint, humble but at the same time attractive; while this regular work is rearing for each child a coral-reef of good habit and pure memories to project through their childhood when it is passed.

Housekeeping is a formidable ogre to me. I always wince in confronting it, always shrink, and retire with a feeling of defeat; or with so wearing a sense—almost defeat, as though I had but evaded an enemy that would be immediately at hand to confront me again. Now I would fain renounce this craven course; and, to do this, an hour daily must not be grudged to this task—an hour of study, of gathering up the lines of my many and rampant steeds before mounting my domestic chariot for the day.

Thursday morning.—Very cloudy and forbidding. In the next room Kate carols her scales in thirds and sixths; in the parlor Jess practices on the piano, while Larimie studies and Nell sketches. Eunice has just winked me a bright good by, cloaked and hooded to go down and mail some letters. Beatrice has been told not to talk, as she attempted a recital of some intercourse between Leighton and Gus in the kitchen. My husband plies the

tedious Arkansas route to the dread points of Forest City and Mariana.

A most exquisite morning, peaceful and pure, seeming to bid us keep serene and faithful, to look beyond the cares of life to heaven and eternity.

Here are the children back from a night at Grandma's. How rosy and bright they are. Little Eunice staid, and now I recall how she would not kiss me twice because of "bad luck"; but she hugged me, laying her head on my breast, and kissed and kissed her hand to me, running back to the window, wafting kisses through the glass and calling me "dearest mamma." Then, after she was in the wagon, as they drove off, she was still kissing her hand as far as she could be seen.

Friday afternoon, Nov. 30th.—The sun shines enchantingly. A fire burns in my grate but my big windows swing wide. I have great and many mercies for which to be thankful. I have hearty and vigorous desires rigorously denied. My circumstances enforce self-denial and industry, but we are told on good authority that all healthful natures find pleasure in economy.

Just now we are busy and interested with our yard and garden. To "healthful natures" these two things are nearly always possible; and of a surety no other affairs of this life are richer in resources for exquisite delight. Like children upon whom we can expend our efforts and hopes and emotions, sure of at least one thing—no wound from our gardens. Is it so that we can expend efforts, hopes and emotions on children, and be fearful of no wound?

When you see one in love with the sod, ever in companionship with it to create and bring forth, then you may feel assured that such an one possesses a large capital for happiness, a reliable fund of character, a good bank upon which he can issue checks for large amounts of support and solace in affliction, and full store of healthful balance in prosperity.

To-day came that singular woman, Garcia, again. This is the gist of her talk to me:

"Of no one can it be said with more truth than of myself, 'he has con-

ceived chaff, he has brought forth stubble; his breath as fire has devoured him.' See me—how careful I am in this my year of drouth—which has been a long year, my whole life. Who has ever seen better the time of heat? and whose leaf has failed more than mine to be green? Ah, and in this time there is not even the nobleness of suffering, of despair; simply a cold passive drudge of life who sees nor sorrow, nor pleasure, nor hope, nor disappointment! Enthusiasm, the great artery of the soul, is paralyzed. Conviction, that indomitable life-center to which naught is impossible, is beyond all power to be galvanized to action. There is left but the physical capacity to endure and slave."

This morning while waiting upon my son, this thought came to me: "When my baby is grown, I will have rest and happiness; he will care for me." I cannot picture the myriad cloud of singing cherub-thoughts that blew their silver-throated strains of hope about my head. Just for one charming instant they sang when, they were all caught and swept away; not a single bright one left in my sky. Then came suddenly upon me this conviction: "I have been looking upon life from a wrong stand-point. Happiness as rest as enjoyment we are never intended to know." It is strange that these truths that have been preached to us, that we read daily in our Bibles, take hold upon us at last as surprises—as discoveries. We hear of them, we read them, they flow across and off our minds like passing birds overhead, leaving small impression. Eyes have we, but we see not; ears, but hear not; souls, but comprehend not. Then, in some rare moment, they take hold of us, permeate, illumine, and become palpable. So with this conviction—so Bible reiterated; at last it was able to enter into my obtuse acceptance. It did not bring spiritlessness or dejection; I simply felt overpoweringly that work, unceasing toil, is our portion in this life. If ever temporal ease is mine, wealth or all creature comforts, this law shall be to me none the less priceless and inexorable.

STANHOPE'S UNFINISHED COLLECTION.

BY JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

MOST of the men who knew Stanhope best envied him. Not alone for his possessions, which were a factor of some importance in ministering to the perfect completeness of his life, but as well for that *savoir vivre*, which enabled him to get from existence without effort all the good that it held.

Now, if you have fully understood what I have said, there should be no need of going into further details to show you what manner of man Mr. Arthur Stanhope was. Yet I will tell you a little more, that you may have the complexion of him more completely before you.

His riches were not the creature of a day, but had come to him through a long line of honorable ancestry. They consisted not of railway and steamship stocks—the things that have risen in an hour and whose values are at the mercy of every speculative wind that blows upon 'Change—but of lands and houses; and his income was from leases and ground rents, which were as stable as time itself, and not from ephemeral dividends that might vanish like a summer's cloud.

He never boasted of his ancestry, because he was so firmly grounded in the knowledge that it was unassailable from the standpoints of virtue, morality and integrity that to have lauded it would have been but to paint the lily. His childhood had been no more remarkable than that of other children who have been born with silver spoons in their mouths. Yet, in his early youth, he did develop a certain self-possession, an appreciation of his own personal value and position, that argued well for his future. In college he had distinguished himself only by his conscientious application to the tasks that were set him, apparently anxious to acquit himself only as a steady and self-respecting student, rather than as a brilliant one. It was thought by some that he had the ability to accomplish

more than this; but when asked why he did not try for the class honors, his answer was characteristic of the man that was to be.

"Why," he said, quietly, "it seems already agreed that Brown is the ornament of the class. He will come off with the laurels. I could hardly hope to surpass him if I should attempt it. And even if I did, at most the fame will be no greater than that of the honor man of last year, and of many preceding years. It does not seem to me that the prize is worth trying for."

After college came the world, and the life of a man. His friends said that Stanhope would make his mark. He had everything to help him to it. It might be law, or literature, or art. But whatever he should turn his hand to, you might rest assured that he would do something worth the doing. He would not be a man for half-way measures. In this last, his friends were right.

He went to Europe. His friends said that he was making up his mind—that he would not choose rashly. He spent five years in travel. Then he returned to New York and settled down quietly in the home that had been the Stanhope's for half a century.

People said he had brought home some marvelous collections. And in this, too, they were right. He knew something of art. And the greatest painting he had found in Europe had become his own. It came to him from the gallery of a king, and people spoke with bated breath of the sum he had paid for it. But, observe, he bought but one. In the galleries of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Vatican, Stanhope had studied the art of the statuary; and the most magnificent marble of these treasure-houses of Europe came across seas to join the greatest painting in that old home in Sixteenth street.

Nor was this all. He had looked into the minor arts—the mechanic arts. He had brought the best specimens of

hammered-iron fret work that he had found in all his travels. A wood-carving from the Tyrol that was almost human in its representation of life. A tapestry whose appearance was sufficient guarantee of age, but the colors of which were as splendid as though it had been wrought by fair hands but yesterday. There was a brass scroll done by some old Venetian; a fragile service of Bohemian glass, so delicate one feared to touch it; pottery from Sevres, that had been made to the order of a queen; an Elzevir so rare that biblio-maniacs amused him by their constant efforts to steal the treasure. But among them all was no duplicate. He had contented himself with a single specimen of each art, as well he might. For he had the rarest, the greatest, the most costly of each that the world could show.

When he came home he arranged these things in his house—and then went to live at his club. He did not “go in” for any of the things his friends had named. He lived quietly, the careful, self-respecting life of a gentleman.

Society opened its doors and beckoned to him. How cavalierly he would have regarded its call we do not know, but that circumstances were such as led him to attend it.

You may have guessed that, while Stanhope had many friends, there were few who came close to him. Among those who had been his intimates was Delia Carmen. He had known her as a child, when her parents lived in the old-fashioned house next his own in Sixteenth street. But they had gone up town with the modern trend of fashionable life, and while at college he had seen little of Delia. He met her in Europe the first year he was there, and again on the Nile a year later. He had enjoyed renewing the acquaintance, and thought how pleasant it would be to have such a friend when he should return to New York—a bright, cultured, intelligent woman, who had seen the world, as he had. But he knew that friendships of this sort were not for him, for it was the destiny of such a woman to marry. And marriage was

not part of his scheme of life—at least, not yet.

When he had been home for a week, and found time hanging heavily upon his hands (the installation of the things he had brought occupying him very well until then), he decided that he would call on Delia. He found her alone, frankly glad to see him, and as charming as ever. Their talk covered a wide field—Europe, the old life in Sixteenth street, when they were children, and the coming season in New York. Stanhope spoke but little about himself, his aims, or his future; and so Delia, with the privilege of old friendship, made bold to question him.

“I do hope you will not be content merely to exist,” she exclaimed, when he had disavowed any definite ambition. “A man with your opportunities, education, talents, should do something. You defraud the world by remaining idle.”

“I am sorry,” he said. “I should like to deal honestly by it. It is a very good world. But it seems to me that everything had been done for it before I came upon the scene.”

“Other men find opportunities,” she said, significantly.

“Yes, I know,” he replied, with the faintest show of impatience, “but to what end? They do nothing better than it has been done before. In art, literature, science, philosophy, Italy and Greece did it all centuries ago. Our men are now only trying to do as much as they did. They have no thought of surpassing them. Is this worth while? Why, we cannot even construct better buildings to-day than those you and I have seen the ruins of at Athens. I would as lieve make bricks as to attempt these things, unless I could do them better—”

“I think there would be more merit in making bricks, if they were good ones, than to do nothing.” She smiled at him, yet there was a serious meaning in her tone that made him curiously uncomfortable. He was not used to having people hint that his mode of life might be improved upon.

It had been a dull grey afternoon, and, as he walked up the avenue, he had

noticed the threatening appearance of the sky, and this made Delia's bright parlor the more enticing. He remained longer than he had intended, and now, as he was about to leave, it began to rain.

"You must stay," she said, "and let me give you a cup of tea." And after that she sang for him, so that another hour passed and it was quite dark when he left the house, promising that it should not be many days before he came again. The rain had stopped, and he walked down the avenue until he came to Broadway. Then he sauntered on, past big hotels, where the street was brilliant with the glare from the electric lights, and busy with the throbbing, boisterous life of the great city in the early night. The theaters were open, and people going in. He stopped before one of them and read the announcement. A famous dancer, just from Paris, was to appear. He had never seen her, so he bought a ticket and went in with the rest, thinking he might as well spend an hour there as elsewhere.

By a curious chance, a man in the seat next his own was one whom he had last met in London, and, what was still more curious, had last parted from at the door of a theater.

"Ah, Atwood," he said, greeting him as though they had met but yesterday, "you seem a devotee of the stage. I had hardly supposed that a student like yourself would be so given to such frivolities."

"A man of the world, like yourself," returned Atwood, quietly, "should know that a student may find his material anywhere. Just now it is my purpose to study the stage—to find, if I can, how much of the real life there is underneath this mimicry that we see."

"For that, you should go behind the scenes, not in front of them, I would think."

"Yes, I will do that presently. And if you like, I will take you with me. This dancer is worth knowing. She may interest you."

The curtain rose presently, but the men kept up a desultory conversation, commenting on the scene about them

and waiting for the one feature of interest to them, the entrance of the dancer. Stanhope questioned his companion a little about himself.

"Have you brought out your book yet, the one you told me about in London?"

"Yes, and it has fallen flat." He went on, not waiting for further questions. "I am at work on another, and I hope to profit by my failure. The critics said I was lacking in a knowledge of life; that I was all right so far as I had gone, but that I had not gone very far. In short, that I did not know the world of which I attempted to write, except my own very little corner of it."

"And so," Stanhope nodded appreciatively, "you are now making yourself familiar with the other part—with the seamy side, the life behind the scenes, and that sort of thing. Is it worth while?"

"Not from your point of view," said Atwood, frankly; "and I could exist very well without labor, as you do. Perhaps I could not gather quite such rare and valuable spoil of travel—" Stanhope winced a little as he fancied a sneer in the other's words—"yet I could do very well. But I fancy I would like to accomplish something before I die. A foolish fancy, no doubt," he concluded.

The men now became conscious that an expectant hush had fallen upon the house, and they gave attention to the stage. The wings of the huge curtain unfolded and revealed to them a woman, petite, perfect in form and face, daintily and airily clad in the costume of her art.

For a moment she stood silent, bowing slightly in acknowledgment of the thunders of applause that had burst forth in welcome and were shaking the theater. Then she began to dance. Not with feet and limbs alone, but with all her voluptuous swaying body; a dance absolutely without coarseness, but with such perfect rhythm and music in every motion that one could not withdraw his eyes. The orchestra played but the audience heard it not, listening only to the tinkling of the little silver bells that danced and

clinked upon the dancer's arms and ankles.

Stanhope was too much a man of the world to be carried to the point of manifesting unusual pleasure, and when the audience rose to their feet wildly encoring, he only turned to Atwood, saying:

"I would like to meet her, if you are ready."

"Yes," said the other, "we will go. She will not respond to their encore."

As the men made their way to the stage door, the theater became a pandemonium of calls and hoots, of shrieks and whistles, by which the house was denoting its desire to have one more glimpse of the favorite.

"One does not often see this sort of thing," said Stanhope, turning and looking back. "She seems to have a wonderful hold upon them. She is a rare dancer."

"We have not seen her like in our time," replied Atwood; "perhaps you would like her for your cabinet of the world's *chef d'œuvres*?"

He was sorry the moment he had said it. There had been nothing in all his acquaintance with Stanhope to justify the speech. And he paid an inward tribute to his companion's good breeding that Stanhope let it pass without such answer as it well merited.

They found the dancer just as she had come from the stage. The dance, which, seen from the front had seemed, so graceful and airy, so light that one could almost think she had only let herself dance, instead of accomplishing her success by actual physical exertion, was now evidenced to have been a matter of strenuous effort. She leaned panting against a table, her eyes sparkling, her face flushed, every pose of her body betokening the keen enjoyment with which she listened to the tumult of the audience.

"Ah," she cried, as she caught sight of Atwood, "is not that well? I let them go hungry, that they may want more to-morrow. If I did not, then they would tire of me. As it is—*pouf!*"

"You are a wise child, Virgine," answered Atwood, gravely. "If you were not, I should not have brought

my friend to see you. He does you the honor to think you dance well."

"You are awkward at compliments," she laughed, merely nodding to Stanhope. "You should know by this time that I am not proud because I dance well, but because I have power over them. Oh, it is a grand thing to have power, to feel that you can move men; is it not?" She turned suddenly to Stanhope, with the question.

"I do not know, mademoiselle. I have never tried."

"So you think you could, if you only tried? So your friend thought, but they laughed at his book. Why don't you try?" she added.

The physical perfection of the imperious little beauty charmed Stanhope, but did not quite make amends for her familiarity. So he answered her with some reserve.

"I do not care to," he said. "There is no need that I should try."

"Oh, ho!" she exclaimed, opening her round eyes in feigned surprise, "so you are one of fortune's favorites, are you? You don't have to work for your bread, and you don't care what the world thinks of you? I do—both."

"I should be among fortune's favorites—if I were one of yours," laughed Stanhope.

"That was very well done," she replied, dropping him a mock courtesy. "Mr. Atwood does not trouble to say such pretty things."

"No, I have more serious things to do," said Atwood, speaking for himself. "One of them is to get you to tell me to-night about the people here—on this side the curtain; about their work, and your work."

"Oh, I don't work; I play," said the dancer. "It is play to me when I see how wild they will get because I do not come back to them."

The echoes of the calls could still be heard, and her intent attitude of listening showed that she did not let one of the welcome sounds escape her. "Ah, it is a fine thing to move them so," she said, again.

"Come, Virgine, we are going to supper, you and Stanhope and I," said

Atwood. "I want to talk with you to-night."

Stanhope could see that the writer and the dancer were good friends; but he could see, too, that it was merely a platonic sort of friendship, having its foundation in the admiration each felt for the art of the other. Atwood's suggestion that she might be added to his cabinet of the world's rare masterpieces came to him again and took form and grew. When they separated, Stanhope felt there was an obligation upon him to do as much for Atwood.

"You want to study all sorts and conditions of men?" he said, "then join me to-morrow, and we will call upon one of the women who is best worth knowing of all in New York—my friend, Miss Carmen. I will send her word I am to bring you."

Miss Carmen had known of Atwood's book, and though by his own avowal it had fallen flat, she yet had a good word to say of it.

"I was thoroughly in sympathy with your hero," she said. "I don't like him the less that he failed. He made an honest effort to accomplish something, but the fates were against him."

"They are against any man who has not had the proper training for his work," answered Atwood; "the theory is all very fine that nature equips men, but the opportunity for thorough training is what counts. A man who has had this opportunity has no business to throw it away. Yes, I mean you," he added, smiling, as he noticed a gathering protest in Stanhope's face.

After this first visit Atwood found occasion to call often upon Delia Carmen, and reveled in her intelligent appreciation of his work and aims. It was a new experience in his life, and it was one that could hardly fail to develop from the intellectual to the emotional stage, which it did with considerable rapidity.

Stanhope also had found a new interest, and began to pay frequent visits to the wings of the theater after the dancer had performed her part in the evening's programme; and there he would indulge in an hour of rather brisker conversation than was habitual in the drawing rooms that he had been

in the habit of frequenting. From this to quiet little suppers together, and finally to a pronounced friendship between them was an easy step. Then came the crowning act, and the dancer was withdrawn from the public gaze and added to Stanhope's private collection of the world's best things. But she was not placed among those which graced the house in Sixteenth street.

Stanhope still continued his friendly visits to Delia Carmen, going there more often than elsewhere among his society acquaintances, and after a time he began to feel a sense of annoyance that he should always find Atwood present. He spoke to her of this one day, complaining that now he never had the opportunity of seeing her alone.

"I do not think you lose much," she said, laughingly. "I know you have so much else to interest you. I hear that your house has become a perfect treasure palace. I have been hoping you would ask me to go to see your things."

"Will you?" he asked, eagerly. "I had not thought you would care to; they interest me so little."

When, in company with a few friends, she called at his house several days later, he showed her his one painting, his one statue, the wonderful carving, and the china that was made for a queen.

"Yes," she said, admiringly, "these show wonderful taste, but why have you so little, when you had such abundance to do with?"

"That was a whim of my own," he answered, a trifle proudly. "I only wanted the best. It was my idea to possess myself of the best that the world has produced in each branch of art."

"And now you don't value them," she said. "They are not of half so much worth as some poorer thing that you might have done yourself."

"If I had tried, I would not have been content unless I had excelled them all. As that was a hopeless task, I have been content merely to appropriate their masterpieces."

"Do you intend to go on, getting for yourself always the best things in the world?"

"I don't see why I should not. I have nothing better to do."

But as he said this, a sudden thought came to him, prompted by the shining eyes of the girl beside him. Their friends were exploring other nooks of his treasure-house, and had left them for a time alone. He stood for a moment looking intently at her taking calm counsel with herself. Here was the most beautiful, the most cultivated, the most charming woman whom he knew. His bachelor life was beginning to pall upon him. His art treasures were hidden from the world because there was no woman to preside over his house.

"Delia," he said, "I have brought you here to ask you a question. Will you come here to stay, to be my wife, to give to my life that completeness which it must ever lack without you?"

She turned to him with a soft smile upon her fair face—a smile that misled him for a moment.

"Am I fit to go among your treasures? Suppose you should marry me, and then find there are more perfect women in the world? Can you afford to take the risk?"

He raised his hand protestingly.

"Do not mock me," he said; "we have known each other a long time. I have always admired you, more than any other; but I did not know what my life lacked—until now."

"But you have Mademoiselle Virgine. I am certain she is worthy of being named among the finest things in the world. I have seen her. She is very beautiful."

Stanhope's face flushed when he heard the name of Virgine upon Delia's lips. But he met her manfully, not trying to make pretense of apology.

"I am sorry the gossips have been to you," he said; "Virgine is the toy of a day. She is longing now for the excitement of the old life. I shall set her free."

Silence fell between them for a little, which Stanhope broke at last by asking.

"Is it for this you will put me aside? Have I to pay so dearly for my one folly?"

"No," she answered, "you have been no worse than some other men. It is not for that. But can't you see, my friend, that a woman should be afraid to trust herself to you? If you find a greater statue in the world than this you have here, the one you have secured at so much trouble will be cast aside. A woman—your wife—would not be more safe."

Stanhope knew from the icy coldness of her tone that there was no appeal. He silently opened the door and walked with her to her carriage. There she put out her hand in farewell.

"I am sorry if I have hurt you," she said; "I did not mean to. But I am to marry Herbert Atwood. You see now why I cannot grace your collection."

It was Stanhope's first rebuff in all his selfish and self-centered career. He stood like one in a dream and watched the carriage roll away. Then he reentered the house and sat down alone among his treasures.



THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BY L. A. OSBORNE.

WITH the first false February winds,
By Circe hither blown, wakes the song
Of our lost singer, longed for long,
Which suddenly within the myrtle tree
Breaks sweet and strong.

But not in tamely measured note
Of repetition always heard
From throats unchanging sings this bird;
But, mocking all, reserves in its clear throat
A depth unstirred.

In some soft, languid, summery night
Of Southern moonshine's vague illume
On white magnolias in the gloom,
A song shall wake—a buried sweetness break
Its throaty tomb.

Then all the trillings, which the bird
Mocked in its wantonness, shall be
A simple text for melody:
The soul shall spring from the insensate thing—
Oh, harmony!

A LA FRANCE ROSE.

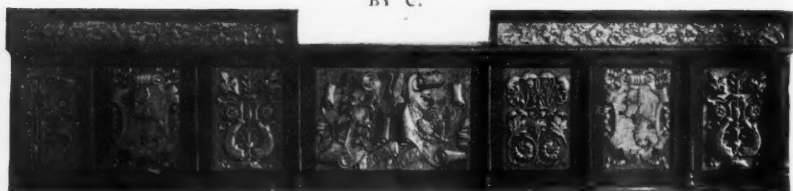
BY ROBERT LOVEMAN.

THOU art the rarest regal rose
The summer in her glory shows;
With sweetest honey on thy lips,
Patrician to thy petal's tips.

If thou had'st bloom'd in Paris when
The Commune thronged with frenzied men,
Some Robespierre plant by weeds begat
Had slain thee, sweet aristocrat.

THE BACHELOR MAID IN ART.

BY C.



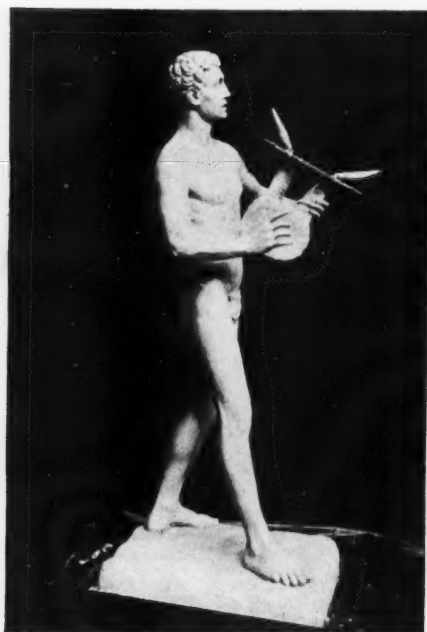
Wood-carving executed by Enid Vandell.

ENID VANDELL, SCULPTOR.

WHEN that falcon-eyed brunette, *Lady Psyche*, in "The Princess," prophesied that in that nobler age which was to atone for an ungracious past, woman, as musician, painter, sculptor, critic, and poet, should grow to equal man, she was no mere fanatic-apostle in a summer school of idle theory. More than "the tinsel clink of compliment" was that bold outlook on the future, in conservative

England of a quarter century ago; and to-day, everywhere, in the newer world beyond seas, arise feminine exponents of genius, to assert, in the irrefutable logic of achievement, that as "art has no country," neither does it admit any hampering boundary lines of sex. Truly, as the swift fancy flies, it is not a far cry from the classic courts and halls, the urns, the fountains, the placid marble muses, the rainbow robes, and goddess-pupils of "The Princess" to that artistic atmosphere which encompasses the gifted sculptor, an American and Southern young woman, Miss Enid Vandell.

✓ Miss Vandell was born in Louisville, Ky., twenty-five years ago, into that fortunate environment—a background of staunch and honorable ancestry; and, since the finest discernment affirms that worth and beauty are close artistic affinities, there is no logical room for cavil with the assertion that this fact assisted to evoke and foster her unusual art-instinct and ability. Her mother was a Southern gentlewoman, Miss Louise Elliston, of a well-known Nashville family of fine lineage; and her father, the late Dr. Lunsford P. Vandell, also of Southern birth and honored family, served with distinction as staff-surgeon in Hardee's Corps during the war, and afterwards held a distinguished position in local and national medical circles. Dr. David W. Vandell, an uncle of the young sculptor, as a surgeon of international reputation, bears the title of



"Hermes."

Honorary Fellow of the Medical Society of London, the oldest and most exclusive of scientific organizations; and Dr. Wm. M. Vandell, also an uncle, fills an honored niche among the medical men and journalists of Texas.

So the little Enid's childhood passed in that golden atmosphere of culture and ambitions which could not but stimulate her artistic sense and creative bent; and it is recorded that, at the age when the "mud-pies" of the average child are shapeless clods, her plastic pastimes, though crude, had grace of form and outline, bespeaking the spirit of the artist in the child. At the age of twelve, under Mr. Ben Pittman, she studied wood-carving; and in this first real essay in her art, she exhibited rare art intelligence. In later years wood-carving still held her fancy; and exquisite panels of her work are shown in the illustration at the head of this article; panels which are complexly beautiful in design and execution. In the period of her minority, until her graduation, Miss Vandell still found the art-world one of charm, and pursued its visions.

That her fondness for the brush and tool of the artist was not mere admiration for an elegant accomplishment, but ardent devotion to an absorbing



Daniel Boone.

life-work was proven by the continuance of her career. Under the sculptor, Rebisso, she mastered the vital details of sculpture with the result that a four years' course of scholarship was completed at the close of the second year and was crowned by the award of the first prize medal.

In the studio of Rebisso and under his earnest encouragement, the sculptor-girl fashioned her beautiful interpretation of "Hermes;" depicting the messenger of the gods when enraptured with his invention of the lyre—the statue a marble echo of Homer's "Ode to Mercury," translated by Shelley.

"When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
He tried the chords and made division meet,
Preluding with the plectrum; and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds; and from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit,
Joyous and wild and wanton—such as you may
Hear among revelers on a holiday."

The figure of "Hermes" is alive with symmetrical and muscular grace; while the alert pose and facial expression of attention, surprise, and joy in the birth of harmony, are masterfully wrought. When this statue was exhibited at the Art Museum in Cincinnati, the art-public was incredulous that it had been executed by a girl of twenty.

Several years of earnest toil in the studios of Paris and Rome so enlarged Miss Vandell's technique that on her return she sought and was awarded a contract for the caryatides of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair; a work finely exhibiting her artistic touch and fancy. At this epoch, a busy world of chisel-play opened to the aspiring sculptor; a contract under government, with three months' training from Lorado Taft, Chicago's noted sculptor; this followed by an engagement to assist Philip Martiny, America's famous sculptor, in the decoration of the beautiful Art Building. To the makers of the World's Fair seventy-three medals of distinction were awarded. Three were given to women, and of these Miss Vandell possesses one. An expression of her happy artist-life at this time, as well as evidence of versatile talent, is her joint authorship in that clever book, "Three Girls in a Flat," the first inauguration of the "bachelor maid" now so popular in life and literature. With the work of the World's Fair era is also included her "Daniel Boone," a statue ordered by the Filson Club, of Louisville, to adorn the lawn of the Kentucky Building. In conception and sculpture this figure shows fine imaginative power and faithful attention to artistic detail; there is no room for criticism in her re-production of the buckskin hunting garb, the coonskin cap, the rifle, powder-horn, scalping knife, and tomahawk; nor in the hunter's pose, the alert and listening ear, and cautious step, the ready hand on the trusty gun of the hardy old pioneer.

A natural affinity for a large and progressive art-environment drew Miss Vandell, at the close of the Chicago epoch, to New York city, where she served her loved art for a number of months under Carl Bitter, painter and sculptor; and, while in his studio, designed and executed a beautiful pediment for the handsome railroad station



Photographed by Kate Matthews.

"Moonlight."

of the Pennsylvania Co. at Philadelphia. Since her establishment in a studio of her own—that happy crowning of every artist's wandering and ambitious years—her busy chisel has accomplished much other effective work in decorative architecture, to which this sketchy outline can make

but passing reference. In portraiture, she has done fine work, as shown in busts of her modeling. A beautiful bust of Mrs. Stuyvesant Peabody adorns a Chicago residence, and those owned in Louisville are busts of Col. R. T. Durrett, president of the Filson Club; the late Alfred V. Dupont, and Dr. David W. Yandell.

forth so talented a daughter, so brilliant an ambassador to this high and noble court of chiseled thought.

KATE MATTHEWS, CAMERA-ARTIST.

A recent original comment on photography proclaimed it an art resembling law, which, though crowded below

stairs, affords plenty of room in the upper story. This charming "upper story," no doubt, with its airy spaces for aspiration and distinction, is becoming, as time goes on, more and more a popular resort for women. Photography, amateur or professional, offers to woman broad field for entertainment or achievement, and the marvel is that more women have not already made this discovery. It is an art in which the technical points can readily be acquired, and nearly all women possess, far more frequently than men, the requisite discernment of possibilities, the eye for pose and the artistic judgment for detail and execution. In this profession, also, women who have the artist ardor and artistic sense without the creative power of brush, graving-tool or chisel, can satisfy those instincts and enlist themselves among the myriad beauty-makers of the world.

In all large cities are found women whose work has taken rank with the most expert men, notably: Mrs. N. G. Bartlett, of Chicago, who has exhibited at the Vienna Salon, and there won a diploma; Miss C. W. Barnes, of Albany; Mrs. Bullock, of Cincinnati; Miss Clarkson, of New York, and E. S. Needles, of Baltimore. Among women photographers of the South, Miss Kate S. Matthews, of Pewee Valley, Ky., has done good and artistic work. She began as an amateur camera-worker five years ago, and has advanced in



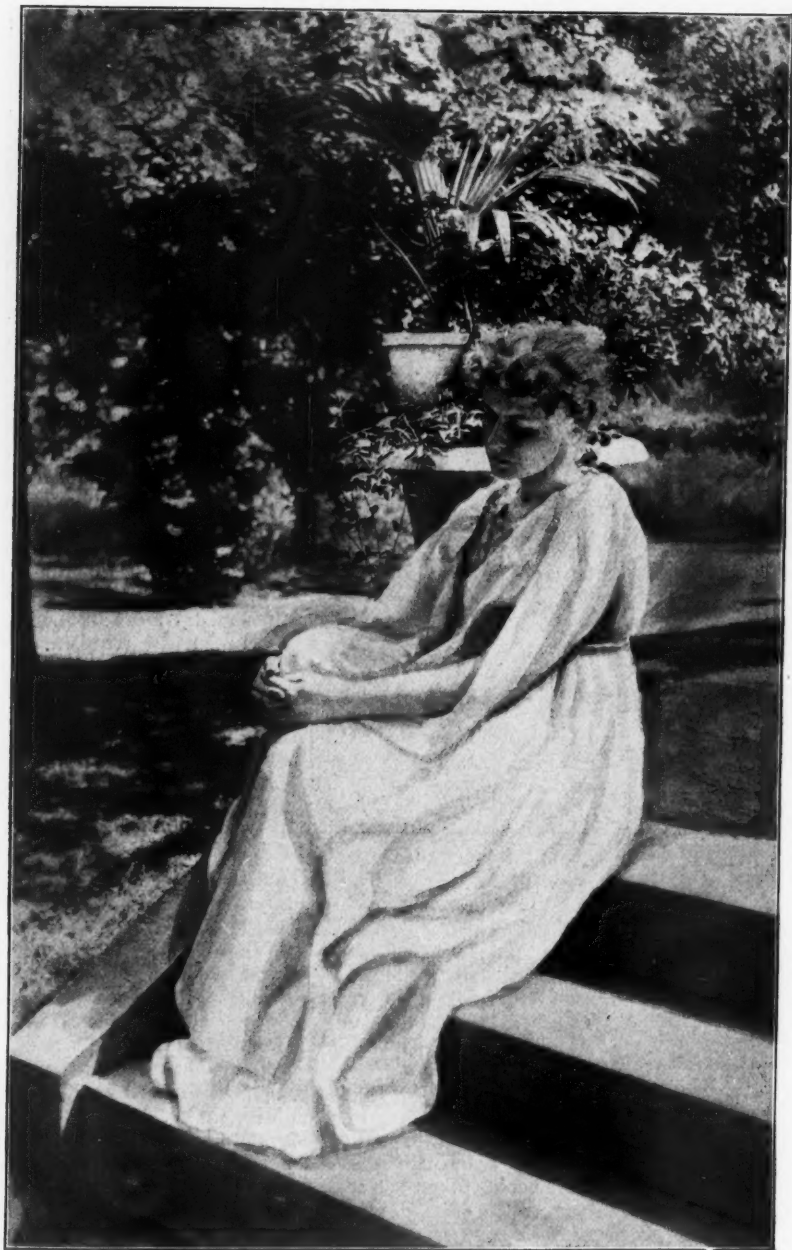
Photographed by Kate Matthews.

"The Soul's Awakening."

Recently she has completed for the city of New Haven, Conn., a bronze bust of heroic size, memorial of ex-Mayor Henry G. Lewis.

In the art-world, sculpture is recognized as chief aristocrat in the great family of the fine arts; and the South may well be proud that she has sent

bany; Mrs. Bullock, of Cincinnati; Miss Clarkson, of New York, and E. S. Needles, of Baltimore. Among women photographers of the South, Miss Kate S. Matthews, of Pewee Valley, Ky., has done good and artistic work. She began as an amateur camera-worker five years ago, and has advanced in



Photographed by Kate Matthews.

"Lost In Dreams."

technical excellence so rapidly that her pictures have been found acceptable by many Eastern publications. In landscape and in portrait-photography alike her work is excellent, albeit in the former specialty her deepest interest is centered.

Pewee Valley, the home of Miss Matthews, lies like an artist's dream of a village, in sylvan surroundings of wondrously beautiful and picturesque quality; and this felicitous collaboration of nature her artist-eye has discerned and used with fine results. As a choice bit of selection from woodland and stream the photographic print, "In Still September" needs no laudation. In the same vicinity of charming natural beauty, is the old home of Kentucky's famous painter of beeches, Carl Brenner—the artist who evidently believed with Robert Louis Stevenson that "trees are our most civil society." From the humble dwelling of this celebrated painter stretches away a forest of stately beeches, in whose grand forms and varying moods he found his wealth of inspiration. An idyllic and mossy-banked forest-brook babbles and splashes through this woodland until it passes over the ruins of an old mill-dam, near which stands a dismantled and mouldering mill—a picturesque monument to its own industrious past. Up and down all this classic Carl Brenner land Miss Matthews has tramped with her camera, and has gleaned a rarely fine collection of artistic photographs of the painter's favorite haunts for the study of nature's phases. On account of their beauty and historic worth, copies of these valuable Carl Brenner photographs are to be preserved in the archives of the Filson Club, of Louisville.

Following a departure in artistic photography made recently by professional camera-workers in New York; namely, portrait-photography, or, the reproduction in pose and artistic feeling of celebrated painted portraits of by-gone times, Miss Matthews has evolved a similar original use of her camera—that of character-photogra-



Photographed by Kate Matthews.

"In Still September."

phy, with illustrative intent, as shown in that mediæval suggestion, "The Soul's Awakening," and in her typical Southern study, "Lost in Dreams."

The best work of this young camera-artist has so far been done with platinum paper, with which can be produced effects as soft and artistic as those of a wash-drawing. In broad black and white contrasts—Rembrandt effects—she is also skillful, as evidenced in the misty, dream-like picture, entitled "Moonlight."

Unlike Oscar Wilde and the Whistler school of artists, Miss Matthews believes that nature really has art opinions of her own; that she is sometimes artistic, and frequently idealistic in suggestion, if studied from the proper point of view. Should she successfully demonstrate this fact with her camera, she will, at least, weaken in visible degree a singular theory of the so-called "interpretation" school of art.

THE AUTOCRAT

IN most of the discussion as to why one section of this country has produced nearly all of our literature, there has been a noticeably important thing omitted. That is that thoroughness is the rule among the educated class in some communities, while in others it is the exception. Necessity is the prime incentive to thoroughness, and where necessity does not exist, half-results only are obtained. Habits become fixed, and are transmitted from one generation to another. They mark the individual and largely control his life; and only in part is he responsible for his success or his failure. Natural selection is ever at work; but when necessity becomes great, the law grows more imperative and the fittest survive. The settlers of New England were a determined and self-reliant people. The demands of their new life made method and application a necessity; and these qualities have been transmitted, and are retained generally wherever the New Englander is found. Their children are scattered far and wide over the West, where they have built churches, engineered railroads, established factories, newspapers, and schools; and whence they are now sending us pen products of their brain that their ancestors at home need not be ashamed of. When the great West is mentioned we insensibly think of corn fields, the hog and the hog killer; and the suggestion of Western culture causes Beacon Street and Fifth Avenue to say "ah!" with the rising inflection of incredulity. But there is more of the West than is to be seen in the parlors and corridors of Chicago and St. Paul hotels; and the display of Western vulgarity at Newport or St. Augustine is no more a measure of Western culture than the public display of domestic unhappiness in New York is a measure of good breeding on Manhattan Island. But from natural selection to the self-complacency of the East, is too far astray. Comparison of what has been accomplished in literature falls more naturally between the eastern and the southern divisions of the

nation, and it is to the latter division that these thoughts are mainly directed.

In the Southern States the necessity for thoroughness, until within the last thirty-five years, has never been urgent. So, until within that time, we have had only half-results in anything requiring great physical or mental effort. What success was attained in commerce was more the result of individual instances of adaptability than of enterprise begot of necessity; while such success in agriculture as we had, came almost of itself.

True, there have always been great statesmen in the South, but most of these men would have been great anywhere or under any circumstances. Besides there was urgent necessity for statesmanship, and men rose to the occasion. When necessity arose for great soldiers, the South produced them, and proportionately as many of them as any country at any time has ever produced. But the high average of ability that comes of hard study and close application to affairs, which produces great national results, the Southern States of the Union did not have before the civil war. When we are discussing this question, we point East and West to the eminent men the Southern States have furnished in railroad and telegraph management, in finance, commerce and industrialism, forgetting that these eminent exceptions stand much in proof of the theory of selection—proof that grows more convincing when we consider the great amount of natural ability in the South, and how many more eminent men we should have from there, and how much higher the average ability would be, if urgent necessity had set the laws of selection vigorously to work a century ago. What necessity has done for the South within the last thirty-five years is incredible. That people practically bankrupt, unaccustomed to method or habitual application to work, could in so short a time overcome their impoverishment and build up greater wealth than they ever had, speaks more for them than all that had gone before the beginning

of the civil war. This material industry is fixing habits of method and application in the Southerner that is every day showing itself in his literary work.

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ASIDE from the mental effort, the physical labor necessary to make ever so short a paper ready to present to readers of taste, is greater than any one is willing to put upon it who has not been disciplined to hard work. And it must be remembered that it is to people of taste, or at all events, of the best taste that is going, that publishers appeal; for in the end it is the verdict of these which determines a writer's place in literature, or a publisher's fitness for the work he has undertaken. Hard work is something that most of us do not like, but from habit it may become not too high a price to pay for noble ends. The habit has not until now taken a very strong hold upon the Southerner, so his literary efforts have been mostly after the fashion of his easy oratory,—rhetorical exuberance and rather melodramatic idealization. Beneath it all, though, is the germ of great beauty; and we are beginning to see the effects of excision,—the result of a study of better models and a willingness to work hard for the attainment of higher results. No amount of hard work will make a genius. No country produces a large number of really great literary men. The South possibly may never produce a Hawthorne, or a Longfellow, or an Emerson; and one is only echoing the Athenian wail that comes upon the westward breeze, when one says that these lights are no longer being multiplied either by the shores of the new world Illissus. But if the South cannot romance so beautifully as the first, nor sing so divinely as the second, nor lift the soul to such eminent earthly heights as the third, it may, by hard work, a change of its ideals and a reform of its methods, add greatly to the number of the high average of literary workers who have done so much to elevate our national intellectuality.

There is hardly an intelligent Southerner or Westerner, who has kept his eyes open and his wits in hand, but has something of interest to tell. The trouble with him is that, in the modern push, he has become accustomed to build everything upon an exaggerated scale. His gigantic material accomplishments are so real to him, and the utility of them is so obvious to every one, that when he takes up a pen his thoughts

naturally turn to the gigantesque. When the intellectual structure is complete, it has the seeming of such magnificent proportions that he is loath to crop off any of its elegant ornamentation, which to him gives it its unparalleled beauty. By and by, he falls in with a literary architect, who points out the faults in what is really hardly so much as a plan, and tells him how to remedy them.

"But," he answers, "with half the work necessary to improve this, I could build another one, bigger and better in every way."

What should be commended anew to every generation of literary novices is that nothing great in literature is to be accomplished without infinite detail, that honest craftsmanship is a mark of ability; and that not until these facts are grasped and applied can a writer offer work worthy of a publisher's consideration. If the Southern novice will accept this, then he is ready to read understandingly what Emerson has said of the superlative. He will learn there how he can increase the strength of what he has to say by the excision of luxuriant qualification—the false notion of beauty and force. To be confirmed in one's estimate of one's own merits by a little group of personal friends, whose judgment may possibly be not so critical as the public's, is the worst misfortune that can come to the beginner in literature. And, to be more specific, it may be said, from an examination of innumerable manuscripts from Southern beginners in literature, that the great fault of most of their work is that it has not been rigidly enough criticised before being offered for publication. There are people in every intelligent community capable of good criticism, and it is upon these that the young writer should rely. They may not be so kind in their criticism as his personal friends, but their candid advice will help him if he has merit; and if he has not, it may turn his energies in a direction where there are greater chances of success. We know what rigid criticism means to those who have not yet attained to wisdom. It means often a loss of temper, heart-aches, mortification and visions of failure. Yet all of these, but loss of temper, serve as helps in the end; and later even the remembrance of this loss of temper may teach us something. It recalls our early self-conceit, our blind, persistent provincialism. It helps us to realize that the horizon from our point of view does not bound all that

is worth knowing or having, and to show those who are yet more sure of their vision, how easy it is to run one's head into the folds of eternal darkness.

AMONG the most agreeable people to be met is the Southerner who, amid all of our modern progress, has retained his gentle demeanor and the culture that comes from generations of good breeding and contact with what is best, and who has learned from this contact that what is best is not at all localized. It is the failure of the majority of Southerners to see that this best is not localized, that causes the fable makers to exaggerate our provincialism, and the satirical cartoonist to draw us always with slouch hat, long hair, trousers in our boots, and to label his cartoon with bombast which he supposes us to be forever uttering. These exaggerations of the caricaturist are not without foundation; and they would not be altogether without good, if they were presented in a kind spirit and to represent a part and not the whole. But the trouble lies in the caricaturist's limited knowledge of the whole. He does not go South for his information. He draws too largely upon Washington, and certainly he there finds excellent models for the narrow bent of his talents. It has always been thought that our most representative men have turned to politics and oratory; and, whether we do or not, we are supposed to send representative men to Washington. And we do occasionally send them. But Washington seems to be a place where quiet merit does not get itself much recorded. It is a pitiable spectacle to the Southerner to see his representative rise in that august body where Southern logic once controverted Federalist dogma, to meet argument on a great financial issue with cross-roads braggadocio, and the puerile assertion that he is ready to answer personally for his offensive vulgarity. And this kind of thing we have too often heard. It is no defense of it, either, to say that it was provoked by partisan vulgarity from another section. We are directly responsible only for our own evidences of the amenities of high civilization, and not for those that concern us so remotely.

A conversation like this was heard not a great while ago at the city editor's desk of a New York newspaper. There was a dinner party to be given by New York financiers, at

which a certain Kentucky statesman was to respond to the toast, "A Southern View of the Silver Problem."

City Editor: "Did you get an outline of what Mr. Woodford De Bourbon would say to-night?" Reporter: "No; he was not in." City Editor: "Sub-head it 'God's Country,' and fill in with something about fast horses, good whisky, and pretty women."

Now, it is pleasant to know that this Kentuckian said not a word about any of these things. On the contrary his speech was such as to elicit a favorable leader from a paper that is representative of what is best in New York journalism. But the instance serves to show that we are measured not by the provincialism which proclaims itself from the housetops, but too often by that which proclaims itself from the Capitol, where we are supposed to send representatives of our best thought. It is not fair that conclusions should be drawn from such insufficient data, but they are drawn, and we should try to correct it. It is not an easy thing to do, for it is not always the best thought in the South, any more than it is anywhere else, that sends representatives to Washington. But the best thought might do much by divesting itself of the theory that, so long as we send as good men to Washington as other sections do, we are doing all that any one has a right to expect of us. It might do more by openly discrediting the men who bring reproach upon us.

Another mistaken view of what is best in the South is got from what is occasionally seen of the Southerner in New York hotels and theaters. The best people from the South are often seen at these places. They are there a great deal, in fact, but they are so quiet as to be taken for people that might be thought to belong to almost any country. It is only the noisy Southerner who makes himself known. And he does make himself known with more assurance than the provincial from any other part of the nation. He does it with a daring that would make his provincialism in England as captivating as the exploits of Buffalo Bill. The East has always thought the Southerner provincial; but formerly the East judged the South by the planter, who lived the greater part of the year in practical isolation, and naturally got to see things from one side only. The seeing of things from a single side is bad for one. But these planters lived close to

nature, and its beauties in a measure modified what otherwise might have been disagreeable. If they had not all the light and breadth of view that is given to those who rub more closely together, they had gentleness, quiet bearing—good-breeding in fact; and one could not know well the best of them without feeling that blessings are not so unequally distributed. These men have left descendants who make the most delightful cosmopolitans. Yet one cannot but wonder how, in so short a time, selection could adapt so many of them to the modern spirit of social push. At home or abroad one finds them in the van of self-assertiveness, beside the swaggering Westerner and the less self-assured vulgarian of the East, proclaiming new world philistinism with all the vehemence of uncurbed stupidity.

It is a part of the office of the literature the South is to produce to correct this. Hawthorne was not sparing in his arraignment of puritanical narrowness. It is doubtful if he found any pleasure in the chastisement of his own. But New England, as well as English literature in the larger sense, is all the better for Hawthorne. McMaster has chronicled many things about the East that no doubt he would have rather left unsaid but that he has a writer's conscience, and a writer's conscience is just what the South most needs. If the signs are correct it is being rapidly developed, too. When it comes we shall have such literary activity there as has not been dreamed of. It will explain away many of the fanciful theories as to why we have not produced more and better literature. It will show why the trend has been toward the wildly romantic, rather than toward fidelity to truth. It will show, in fact, much of our ugliness, but it will show beauty, too, where it is thought only ugliness exists. But its greatest service will be to accentuate the heroism and self-sacrifice of those who have been but little written about, and to bring into bolder relief those noble and ennobling qualities that make true womanhood more greatly admired as the human likeness rises higher and higher toward the image in which it is made.

"EVERY natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is decent and causes the place and bystanders to shine. . . . In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself

the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. . . . Nothing divine dies. The beauty of virtue reforms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation. . . . All facts in natural history taken by themselves have no value, but are barren like a single sex. But marry it to human history and it is full of life. . . . The most trivial facts in any way associated to human nature affect us in the most lively and agreeable manner. . . . The instincts of the ant are very unimportant considered as the ant's; but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man, then all its habits become sublime."

One might suppose this to be taken from a late lecture of an end-of-the-century story-writer, Hamlin Garland, for instance. A Norwegian peasant, settled on a farm in the Northwest, following in the furrow of his plow, a bleak wind driving the cold cutting rain into his face—who could make anything of so homely a subject? Yet, see what Hamlin Garland has done with such subjects.

But listen further to what is said by this stern realist, who was preaching realism when the oldest contemporaneous exponent of it was still in his swaddling clothes.

Of Beauty he writes: "Veracity first of all and forever." . . . And then of The Ideal: "The true philosopher and the true poet are one, and beauty, which is truth, and truth, which is beauty, is the aim of both."

. . . Literary Ethics: "A false humility, a compliance to reigning schools, or to the wisdom of antiquity, must not defraud me of supreme possession of this hour." Language: "A man's power to connect his thought with its proper symbol and so to utter it depends upon his love of truth and his desire to communicate it without loss." Finally, of Beauty: "Our art saves material by more skillful arrangement, and reaches beauty by taking every superfluous ounce that can be spared from a wall, and keeping all its strength in the poetry of its columns. In rhetoric, this art of omission is a chief secret of power, and in general, it is a point of high culture to say the greatest matters in the simplest way."

Before these quotations shall have been read through the reader will have recognized Emerson. We read and forget, and it is necessary now and then to call the attention of new generations to what is taught by the masters, just as, now and then, it becomes

necessary in the church to enforce anew upon the minds of the faithful what is taught by the fathers.

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THE supreme possession of the hour should be strenuously denied the realist when he insists that truth is all ugliness. There are times and conditions that seem to make almost wholly for the bad, and this should not be put out of mind when there is a hope of improvement by keeping it before ourselves. But the beautiful and the good predominate in the world, and even where it is locally modified, a composite presentation hardly warrants unremitting pessimism.

The pessimist is commended to the meaning conveyed in the titles to two books, Mr. Ward McAllister's "Society As I Have Found It," and "English As She Is Spoke," facetiously said to be a translation from the Persian. If Mr. McAllister premeditated the title to his book, with a full knowledge of the modesty conveyed in the qualification, it were a kindness to remember that when one thinks of the book itself. On the other hand, when the Persian linguist undertakes to present an aspect of our civilization to his people through "English As She Is Spoke," we are justified in our wrath because of the atrociousness of his performance.

If a comprehensive presentation of pessimism could be given through the joint effort of a number of modern authors, something after the manner of the "Human Comedy," with a title as modestly conceived as "Society as I Have Found It," it would find a place upon the highest shelf in every library. We should know then, as Mr. Pater says, that it comes from those "whose experience is ringed round by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced;" and we should no longer be depressed in our waking, and frightened as children in our dreams. But as it is now each individual pessimist comes at us so persistently, so like the Persian linguist in his self-assuredness, that we forget that he, with all the others, is "ringed round by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced."

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THERE is a marked contrast in a certain phase of pessimism in Southern fiction as compared with the same phase of pessimism in Eastern fiction. The Southerner is more

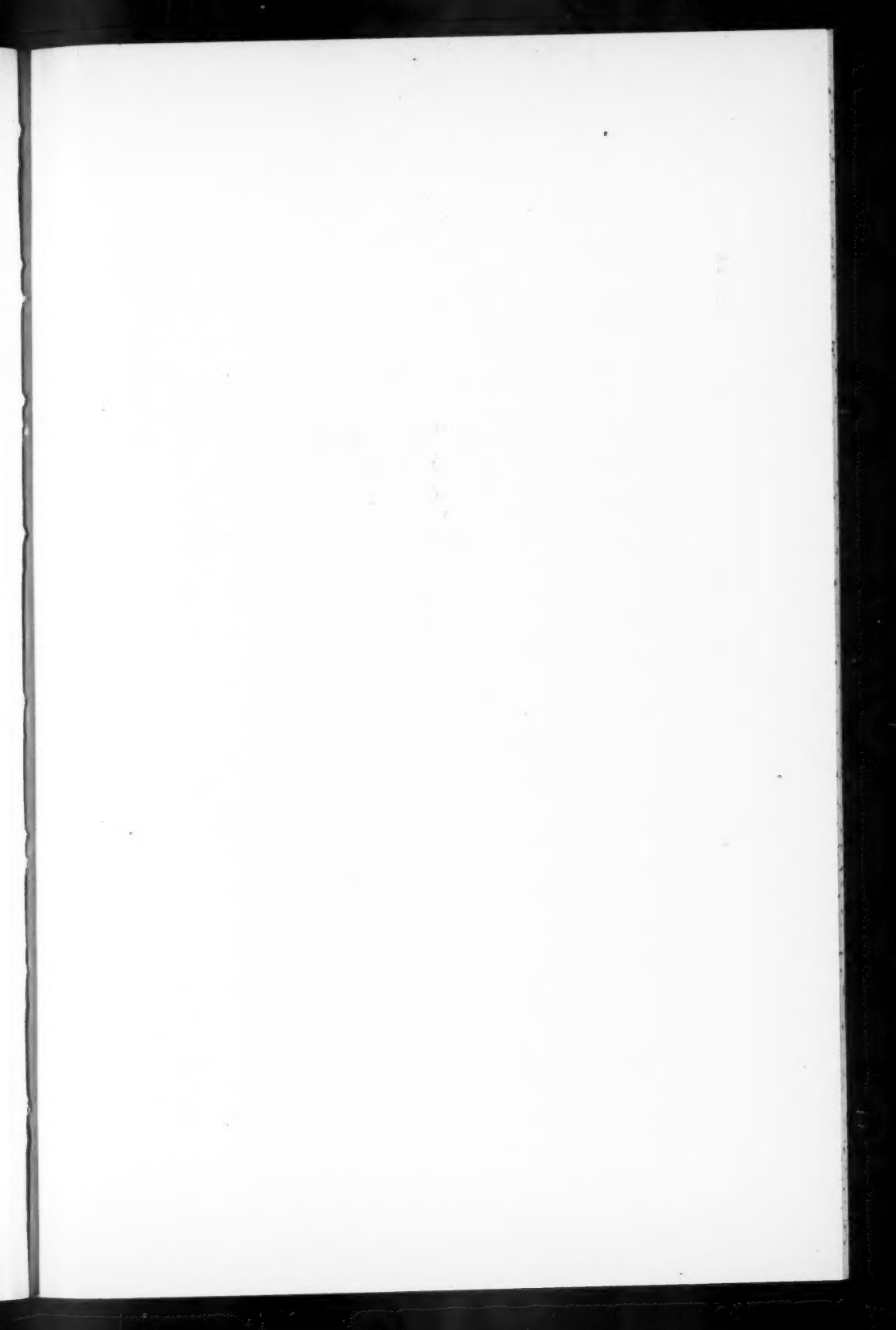
merciful than the Easterner. When the characters suffer more than can be easily borne, he kills them off, while his Eastern *confre* lets them go on living in their supposed misery. If one had one's choice always, one might prefer having them killed, if it were done artistically; but Southern writers should have some consideration for vital statistics. Even amid malarial and yellow fever effluvia, and the poisonous reptiles of the South, there are chances of life which they do not reckon upon; and the freedom there from depressing influences of external conditions does not warrant the amount of suicide the Southern writer commits by proxy.

There is no question but the average reader of fiction has as good a conception of truth as the producers of fiction themselves; and he knows, too, that the voice which comes from that thick wall of personality, is no more a real voice than is the one which those within hear from without.

The reaction against pessimism is in a fair way to destroy what is best in realism, and those who wish well to realism would welcome a turn in fiction writing that shall make eternally for truth. As bad as studied optimism is, it is not so bad as pessimism; and if the fiction-reading public cannot get a fair division between truth and the diseased fancy of walled-in personality, then American literature is not in so good a way as many of us have believed. Yet here and there one gets a glimpse of light, and we may yet be debtor to the South for lifting the grey hood from eyes still willing to look with hope for "truth, which is beauty, and beauty, which is truth."

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THERE has been much digression by the way, but what was primarily intended, some thoughts upon the faults of Southern writers, has been all the time kept in view. Even now some one may be asking, what about the host of younger Southern writers who are already assured of their foothold? And the answer is, they are set apart as products of that law of selection still going on. If those who are to follow will just now study them closely, they will find how these are preparing themselves for the ultimate survival, by adherence to truth, "by more skillful arrangement," by "taking every superfluous ounce that can be spared from a wall, and keeping all its strength in the poetry of its columns."





Drawn by Irving R. Wiles.

"At Neighbor Dysen's."

(See page 502.)